

COUNTRY LIFE

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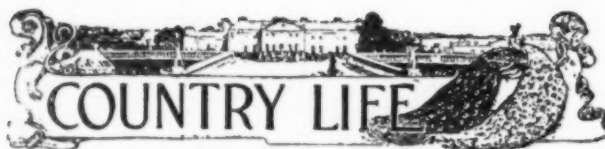
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LALLIE CHARLES.

THE LADY BEAUMONT.

67, Curzon Street, Mayfair, W.



THE Journal for all interested in
Country Life and Country Pursuits

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THE MOUTHPIECE OF THE NATION.

LAST Friday's meeting in the Guildhall will live in history. It showed Europe the spectacle of Great Britain united as one man to withstand the domination of Germany. Mr. Asquith was the chief speaker, and he rose to the occasion in a way to make every Englishman proud of our Prime Minister. He spoke, in the words of Mr. Bonar Law, as "the mouthpiece of the nation" and not at all as a party leader. Mr. Asquith showed himself thoroughly equipped to deal with every side of the warfare that has been forced upon us. The feature of the German position most strange to the average Englishman is the mixture of metaphysics with violence, and a religious enthusiasm without religion. Nations before now have rushed to battle and faced death under the excitement of religious enthusiasm in many forms. The soldiers of the Mikado join patriotism with a kind of exalted fatalism. The soldiers of Turkey used in their best days to go to war with the conviction that death only opened to them the gates of Paradise. But it has been left to the

Germans to turn the doctrine of the robber—Might is Right—into a religion. It is, as Mr. Asquith said, "a new philosophy preached by professors and learned men." One has only to turn to the innumerable books written by Germans about their country and its aspirations to recognise the exactitude of Mr. Asquith's analysis. When these new doctrines were set forth in such works as that by Von Bernhardi, they were regarded as too monstrous to need serious attention.

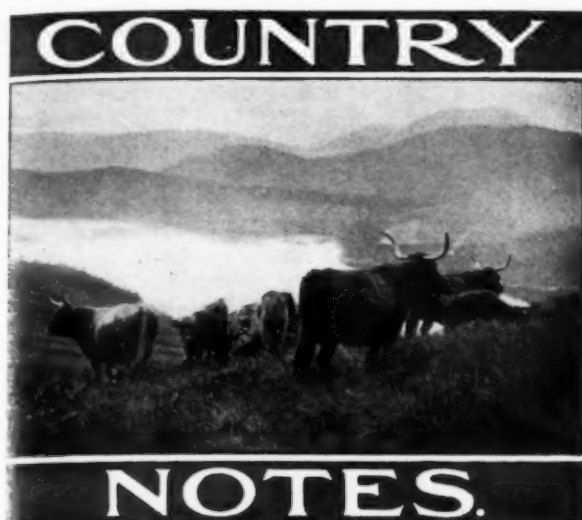
It appeared incredible that after two thousand years of Christian civilisation a nation could be made to believe that warfare was an end in itself and the most glorious function of the human race, that force was the supreme divinity upon whose altars they were "prepared to sacrifice both the gathered fruits and the potential germs of the unfettered human spirit." We again use the words which Mr. Asquith used to prepare for his conclusion, that "this is not merely a material, it is also a spiritual conflict." Upon that the Germans themselves would agree, as they claim to represent what they call a culture, although the culture is one utterly antipathetic to the conceptions which have grown up out of Christian teaching. In fact, their professors now declare that the slow progress of the Holy Roman Empire was due to the fact that the Germanic tribes when they invaded Rome adopted the enervating religion of those they had conquered. Here, then, is the real key to the ruthlessness with which the war has been planned and carried out. Mr. Asquith showed as scarcely any other public man of the day could have shown to what goal the triumph of the foe would lead. By a happy insight he recognised that this idea of force, glorified though it may be by German thinkers and professors, is precisely the same as this country combated when its exponent was Napoleon. During the long wars that culminated with Waterloo, this country was often in situations more critical than we have to face to-day, but just as Mr. Asquith is able to penetrate the sophisms of Berlin, so did William Pitt grasp the real meaning of Napoleon's ambition. When dying he used the immortal words quoted by Mr. Asquith, which at the present moment have the stirring effect of a slogan or battle-cry: "England has saved herself by her exertions and will, as I trust, save Europe by her example."

Fortunately for us, the crisis has brought to the front all that is best in our public life. It has practically obliterated party lines, and the Ministry draws equal support from the Opposition and from its own followers. Moreover, this support is given all the more readily because it is recognised that the Government of the day is worthy of it. We have already spoken of the ability and dignity with which Mr. Asquith has filled the position of Prime Minister; that is to say, the first representative of his country. In any other departments of State it would be difficult to find more efficient men than those who are in power. The splendid reception given to Mr. Winston Churchill shows how keenly the public appreciates the work he has done for the organisation of the Navy. Wherever one goes at the present moment, Mr. Churchill is recognised as one of the men of the hour. He is scarcely second in the public esteem to Lord Kitchener, and Lord Kitchener represents to the public mind the most perfect type of efficiency in an Englishman. With these should be mentioned Sir Edward Grey. As Secretary for Foreign Affairs, he is not so conspicuous a figure in war time as he was at the preliminary stage, but it will never be forgotten how arduous was his struggle for peace. It met with this reward: that the sympathy of the whole civilised world flowed out to Great Britain. The Germans themselves recognise that they are the hated nation, but it is doubtful if they also realise the skill with which Sir Edward Grey showed that we were on the side of peace and they intent only on warfare. They know the value of moral support and have attempted to gain it by poisoning the wells of information; in other words, bribing newspapers into a propagation of their views and the publication of false intelligence. The exposure of this scheme has, however, nullified its effect.

OUR FRONTISPIECE.

OUR frontispiece is a portrait of Baroness Beaumont, elder daughter of Ethel Lady Beaumont, who was married last week to the Hon. Bernard Fitzalan-Howard, elder son of Lord Howard of Glossop.

* * It is particularly requested that no permissions to photograph houses, gardens or lives:ock on behalf of COUNTRY LIFE be granted except when application is made direct from the offices of the paper. When unofficial requests are received, the Editor would esteem the kindness of readers if they would at once forward the correspondence to him.



DURING the last week or so it is no secret that Germany has been trying to sow dissension between the Allies. Towards France a soothing and flattering tone has been adopted with the obvious purpose of detaching her from Russia and Britain. It was the original plan of campaign to deal with France first, Russia next, and finally England. Fain would the Germans revert to this idea, but a stern answer is to be found in the Treaty signed in London and made public by the Foreign Office on Saturday. The short declaration is that the British, French and Russian Governments mutually agree not to conclude peace separately during the present war. Nothing could more exactly suit the temper of the nations. For once there is no difference of opinion. Nobody wishes that peace should be made till we are in a position to dictate terms which will render it impossible for Germany to renew her dominant militarism. The shadow of war must be permanently removed from Europe. Those who in the past have been most assiduous in preaching the gospel of peace recognise that if we are to be saved from war in the immediate future it will be necessary to deprive Germany of the means of making it. Her statesmen and soldiers are well aware of this. They have staked existence itself on the issue of this stupendous contest, and the desperation of their fighting is due to a knowledge that if they lose they lose all.

So far the most extraordinary revelation of the war has been the efficiency of Russia. German strength we were all prepared for. So we were for the high spirit of France and the valour of the British soldiers. But Russia was an unknown factor in the situation. All that the average man remembered was that she did not show to advantage in her conflict with Japan. In consequence the armies of the Czar have not met with the recognition they deserve, except, indeed, by military students. In point of fact, there have been very few comparable achievements in the annals of warfare. The enormous armies of Russia were mobilised with a rapidity and thoroughness which spoke volumes for the organising skill which must have been directed to them for years. On the field the Russian armies have met with only one check, and it was one that carried with it no very serious result. On the other hand, the practical demolition of the Austrian army in Galicia, the taking of Lemberg, and the capture of an astounding number of prisoners and innumerable stores and articles of military equipment speak in no uncertain terms of the staunchness of the Russian armies and the brilliance of General Ruzsky. The latter has crowned a great career with glory. He has shown himself to be one of the greatest military commanders that the world has produced.

In the summary account of last week's fighting distributed by the Press Bureau nothing is more reassuring than the tribute paid by Sir John French to the fighting qualities of those under his command. During these weeks of strenuous battle the British soldier has established his superiority to the German at every point. He says: "The cavalry do as they like with the enemy till they are confronted by thrice their number. The German patrols simply fly before our horsemen." The fire of both infantry and artillery has been devastating. So far each branch has usually been checked with three times its own number.

It follows that if reinforcements are sent on such a scale as to bring the armies nearer an equality, there will be a decided change in the result. The German army has made a bold and determined march through Belgian and French territory, but it has had to pay heavy toll as it proceeded, and up to the time of writing has not managed to secure that decisive victory which would have enabled it to strike at Paris with a prospect of success.

The Parliamentary Committee of the Trade Union Congress has issued a manly and statesmanlike manifesto on recruiting. In this document it is recognised that unless volunteering is taken up with spirit, the demand for conscription will become irresistible, and an appeal is made for Trade Unionists "to demonstrate to the world that a free people can rise to the supreme height of a great sacrifice." From the labour point of view the issue is defined as being democracy and freedom pitted against a military autocracy, and the workers are solemnly warned of their fate if they ever come under "the overbearing and brutal methods" of Germany. We confess to a very considerable sympathy with the reminder that citizens who make a willing sacrifice to defend the State and maintain its honour deserve a reasonable and assured recompense "not so much for themselves as for those who are dependent on them." In plain language, the wives and children of those who go to the front should not be permitted to suffer more than the wives and children of those in a similar rank who stay at home. The country will not forget that at a critical moment the men of the Trade Unions rallied to its defence.

TO-NIGHT.

The wind blows from the west to-night,
The clouds race o'er the sky,
As I sit with my hand in yours, dear girl,
And watch the clouds go by:
But the angry waves are running high,
And the guns are flashing free
Where our English lads are watching now,
Out on the cold North Sea!

Ah, mighty love, as strong as death,
Lord of the house of life,
Forgive thy recreant votary!
Forgive me too, dear wife:
Tho' thy soft hand I'm clasping now,
'Twere pleasanter to me
To hold the grip that guides the gun
Out on the cold North Sea.

The sailor true is staunch and trim
As Nelson's lads of old:
And some to-night so blithe and bright
To-morrow may be cold.
For England's safety, England's pride
Is simple Loyalty,
And our grateful hearts go out to-night
Out to the cold North Sea.

H. T. H.

In opening the case for the Crown at the Prize Court Sir John Simon gave a most interesting *résumé* of the history of that institution. Not for the previous sixty years has it been necessary to hold one. Dr. Lushington during the Crimean War occupied the position now filled by Sir Samuel Evans. Sir W. Scott, a brother of Lord Eldon, sat from 1788 to 1828 in the Prize Court. The Attorney-General gave a brief, but clear, exposition of the theory and practice of the law in regard to prizes. In olden times it was the custom for the captors of the ship to apply for its condemnation, and if the plea was made good the court decreed "a good and lawful prize to the Crown." Afterwards, by an Act of the Royal Judgment and Discretion, the proceeds were distributed among those immediately responsible for the capture. But there have been great changes since then, and if the same procedure were followed now it would bar from obtaining prize-money some of those who perform the most gallant deeds. Submarines and Dreadnoughts, for example, do not exist for capture but destruction. Under the circumstances Sir John announced that the system of distributing prize-money is to be modified so as to rectify the omission, and divide the spoil on a fairer system, while retaining the custom of paying bounty to those who have been instrumental in sinking an enemy ship.

In war time no class suffers more acutely than that of single women and widows who work for their own livelihood. An appeal on their behalf comes most appropriately and graciously from the pen of Queen Mary. Her Majesty's call is full of point and character. It contains such pregnant phrases as "prevention of distress is better than its relief," and "employment is better than charity." The idea of the new fund is to find work for the workless, or, in the words of the appeal, "to provide employment for as many as possible of the women of this country who have been thrown out of work by the war." Already a generous reply has been made, and women are freely devoting their energies to the task of helping their less fortunate sisters. "The Queen's Work for Women Fund," as it is called, is a collecting and not an administrative body. Whatever money is raised will be spent on schemes devised by the very excellent Central Committee on Women's Employment.

No industry has been hit harder by the war than the building trade, because none relies more greatly on the facilities of our credit system. People who were about to build when the war began naturally hesitated to enter into any binding contract. The merchants who supply builders in most cases withdrew their quotations, so that, even if owners had been willing to go forward, the builders themselves were nervous about tendering for work, and in many cases withdrew tenders which had already been sent in. An Architect's War Committee has been set up in the hope that the situation may be relieved, but it is an unwieldy body and is representative of architects only, and not of the building trade, or of the general public which has to find the work, or of Government interests. The State has taken upon itself the control of several industries, notably of the food supply, in order to prevent disorganisation and unduly high prices. It would surely be a great assistance to building, one of the few industries which is almost wholly national, and relies very little upon imports, if the Government were to form a committee representative of all building interests and place official representatives upon it. Such a committee might be able to agree upon a schedule of prices for standard materials, on which contracts might be made and much unemployment thereby obviated. At present, the master builders have suggested that all tenders should be made up on the prices current on August 4th, leaving all necessary increases, consequent on the war, to be computed and paid for hereafter. The great objection to this is that the owner will have no idea as to what his building will ultimately cost, and he cannot be expected to take undue risks. A good case, therefore, seems to be established for the Board of Trade to intervene and regularise the situation.

German naval warfare is being carried on in the spirit of the anarchist. Gunboats sally forth from Kiel Harbour to sink trawlers and capture the peaceful fishermen. Mines are employed with a disregard for human life which seems to have been copied from the dynamitards. By far the largest number of vessels they have been able to destroy are those of non-combatant traders. A passenger ship, two or three merchantmen and a considerable number of fishing craft have been blown up by their cowardly and atrocious system of laying mines in the open sea. We say nothing of the loss of our fighting ships, the *Amphion*, the *Speedy* and the *Pathfinder*, but if the "cultured" Germans gloat over the accomplishment of blowing up their enemies by hidden mines, it only proves them to be criminals whom the civilised world must get rid of. Such proceedings cannot influence the end of the war, save by increasing the horror and detestation for the perpetrators. It is obvious that the British naval authorities are increasing the stringency of measures for controlling the laying of mines. A warning that all lights may be put out on the East Coast without further notice shows a recognition that the mine-laid area coincides with that illuminated by certain lighthouses on the East Coast. It may be necessary to prohibit fishing and all other traffic on the North Sea till the mine-layer is dealt with.

Lord Roberts has issued an appeal to sportsmen that should meet with a ready response. It is addressed primarily to those who for various reasons are unable to take the field for their country. The appeal is that such as possess race-glasses, field-glasses or stalking-glasses should give or lend them to those who are going to the front. If the owner's name is engraved upon the glasses, every effort will be made to restore them at the conclusion of the war. The difficulty which this is intended to meet is explained in a letter from the Secretary of the National Service League. He says those

who are instructing recruits, especially when the latter are townsmen, find that field-glasses are of the greatest possible use in facilitating the education of men who have not been trained to use their eyes in the country. Anyone wishing to comply with the request made by Lord Roberts should send their glasses to the Secretary of the National Service League, 72, Victoria Street.

As the war goes on it is very evident that the demand for horses will increase enormously. Cavalry engagements and long marches have been marked features of this campaign, and they greatly increase the wastage. It is as essential to keep up the supply of remounts as it is to continue sending reinforcements. Our "Correspondence" columns this week contain one or two very practical letters. One referring to the proposal made in these columns, and adopted by the Government, that owners should bring their horses up from grass and condition them, is a suggestion that the work would be facilitated if the Government buyers would in the first place select the horses that they consider suitable, so that the owner will not condition them in vain. Another useful plea which deserves attention is for the employment of ponies. It may be difficult to obtain big horses later on, and, at any rate, our correspondent argues with great justice, the pony is naturally both handier and harder than the horse. He may not be so good for shocking tactics, but for slipping in and out and active work generally the advantage is on his side. At any rate, our Indian cavalry, who ride 14h. 2in. ponies, are a splendid body of men, and seem to find their mounts very satisfactory. But it is essential that the buyer of ponies for the Army should have a special knowledge of them.

HARVESTING.

In Somerset they're cutting wheat.
The patent binder all complete
With rasping grind and noisy whirr
Is now the harvest's harbinger.
The swaying grain it's laying low
In bundles one by one, I know.
No need for men to stoop and tie,
As once they did in days gone by,
The days which some perchance forget
In Somerset.

In Somerset they're singing now
As laden waggons homeward plough,
Through well gleaned fields and dusty road
They take the wheat in load by load.
The labourers at dawning light
Began to work, and now 'tis night.
They're weary? Yes! Yet hedgerows ring
With harvesters' loud carolling,
For men their weariness forget
In Somerset.

JOAN ARUNDELL.

Sitting in Conclave the Cardinals, on Thursday, September 3rd, elected Cardinal della Chiésa to the Papacy. The choice has fallen on a man of tact who has been trained in the art of diplomacy. He is also very young for a Pope, having been born in 1854. So far his career, though its brilliance was known to the inner circle of Roman Catholicism, has not brought him conspicuously before the public. Between the years 1883-1887 he was Secretary to the Nunciature in Madrid, a responsible and important post. The Nuncio was Cardinal Rampolla, who quickly learned to appreciate the secretary's capacity. When Cardinal Rampolla was made Secretary of State to Leo XIII. he made Cardinal della Chiésa his secretary, and later his Sostituto. The matter is of importance to-day, because the Archbishop of Bologna is believed to share the French sympathies of his former chief. His characteristics are those of prudence and discretion. The war was brought to the notice of the Sacred College by the much-tried Archbishop of Malines, Cardinal Mercier, who seems to have had a sympathetic hearing when he denounced the horrors of German warfare, though, naturally enough, the Austrian and German Cardinals protested.

It seems to have been determined by most of the Masters of Hounds that a certain measure of cub hunting shall be carried through in spite of the critical times, but little more than that is in prospect. It is a moment at which the stock of poultry, as well as every other source of food supply in the country, is of more than normal value, and it is satis-

factory to see that the Hunts have proclaimed their recognition of this fact by the announcement of an intention to keep down foxes to a tolerable number. The causes that lead to the curtailing of the fox hunting operate equally on the stag hunting also. There are not many perhaps in such times as these who would even care to be hunting, but the lack of horses is the first reason for giving it up. And if the fox is the scourge of the game covert and the poultry yard, it has to be remembered that the red deer, noble animal as he is, is no good friend to the farmer when his numbers are excessive, as they are rather apt to become both on Exmoor and on the Quantocks. We make no doubt that the responsible persons in each case will see to it that the red deer, like the foxes, are kept within due limits of number. And there is at least this to be said in the nobler animal's favour, that the dead deer makes excellent venison, whereas the dead fox is of no use for anything.

Bacon is at present at a price which makes that useful stand-by hardly within reach of the poorer folk, and at the same time we gather from the reports that there is an unusually large number of pigs in the country, which, as would seem only natural considering the cost of bacon, command a high price also. The conditions therefore seem to point to a fall of price in the future, but for the present it is evidently to the farmer's gain that his pigs should multiply and thrive as much as possible. In this connection it is good to see how extraordinarily abundant is the acorn crop. Pigs love acorns, and crunch them up and digest them readily. On

the other hand, acorns are sometimes quite fatal to cattle. Therefore, by turning out pigs under the oak trees to eat up the acorns, a double service is done—the nourishment of the pig and the saving of danger to the cattle. Especially after a high gale, which brings the acorns down, the grass under oak trees should be hunted, either by pigs or by human hands, to remove the danger, before the cows are turned into the field. It is well known that if the cows are given a feed of hay before turning out in the morning they are much less likely to suffer from the acorns, because in that case they bring them up again, with the hay, when they chew the cud, and when thus chewed the acorns do them no harm.

It may be accepted as a fact that there are large communities, such as dressmakers, factory workers and the like, who have already faced the great truth that half a loaf is better than no bread. In the name of all that is reasonable and right let those who are in any sort of a position to do so see that they, at least, get the half loaf. They will be satisfied. And the others will, in a relative manner, be also resting content with their particular half loaf. In a word, this means standing shoulder to shoulder, and it is a levelling process that should have the finest results. The moment is particularly *à propos* also for bringing into focus our home productions, and it is proposed that the many pertaining to wearing apparel shall be dealt with in "Modes and Moods" from week to week. A sure and decisive aim at German trade will be as effective in its way, and as helpful to this country, as our very guns themselves.

CITIES DESOLATE.

OVER the door of the house where he lived and died in perilous exile at Vevay, an English republican set up a board painted with the sentence, "Omne solum forti patria." Yet our human nature is weak: few of us might repeat that hard saying of old Edmund Ludlow. The land of our fathers with village and church and house, cities of old renown, tombs of our dead, is as a part of our souls. Imagine the remnant of our race, unable to live under a conqueror, coming forlorn to another land. Surely, however high our hearts

in the face of disaster, it would be a maimed life that we should lead, if we knew that we had left the dear land a waste behind us—London a plundered ruin, Oxford in smouldering ashes, Winchester a rubbish heap in the vale, the towers of Durham fallen, Canterbury a foul barrack of strange horsemen. Could we then say, stoutly as Ludlow, that every soil was a fatherland to the strong heart?

A month ago such nightmare fancies were far from our minds. But already they are cruel truths for certain folk who were our kindly neighbours. By thousands together



GABLES AT LOUVAIN.

the Belgian people huddle, mazed and disconsolate on our southern coasts. Already in London we are opening hospitable doors to men and women and children who have lost more than Ludlow ventured. They have come in from Namur and Dinant, from Tirlemont and Malines and Liège and Louvain, cities downfallen and desolate. This one mourns a murdered husband bayoneted at dawn; this one a wife shot on her doorstep in the dusk; these have seen their little ones perish under the falling roof-tree when the flames lit the night. Each has seen neighbours herded and harried by the German hunters. All of them are homeless and landless; the German tramps over their fields and through their ruinous streets; home and familiar things are no more; belfry and ancient town hall that rode the long ages like a great ship on the high seas have gone to the same ruin as the plates and coffee cups that were on the kitchen shelf.

They have lost whole cities and towns, these citizens of a little land that loved its old towns and cities as a peasant loves his father's clock and his grandmother's wardrobe. And we also, all the world of men that know man

Gerard David and Rogier de la Pasture. We shall be as pilgrims on new-hallowed ground, viewing pitifully the scars and wounds that Belgium suffered in the last agony of the valiant stand for her liberty and ours. To those who have loved her it will be a mournful pilgrimage. The very face of her has been changed in the torment. Not a day goes by but we have tidings of some new woe from Belgium. Will you have news of Namur? It is that all in the heart of her is downfallen. Of Tirlemont? It is that the great guns are battering down the little that they spared yesterday. Of Courtrai? The Huns are there also. Of Brussels the noble? Those who remain there await the last fury of the barbarians.

Of some cities we shall have no more news. The long tale of Louvain—chief city of Brabant in its time, always the cherisher of learning, the city that, when its hot manhood had grown old, turned to books and placid wisdom—has closed fearfully its last chapter, and the world, reading that chapter, is still aghast.

Not one of us who has eaten bread in Louvain but was uneasy in mind when the day's war map showed the tide of war setting towards that city. Liège was in our thoughts

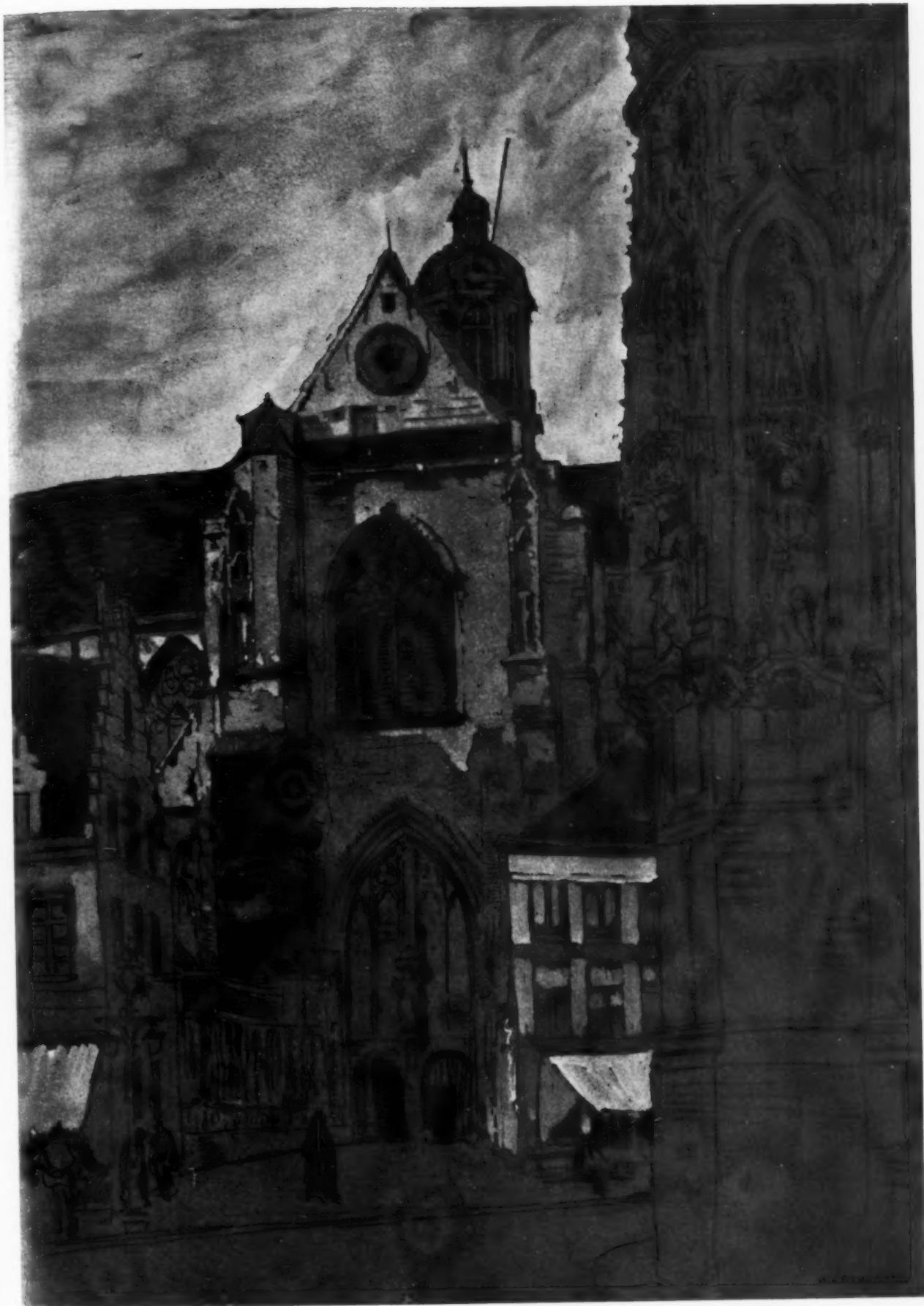


THE BEGUINAGE.

may not live by bread alone, are for ever the poorer by their loss. We in England have our joke for our wandering tourist with his guide-book and time-table; we are inclined to mock at his ready enthusiasms, at his stumbling linguistics. Yet we are all tourists in blood, eager "for to admire and for to see"; we know that, in his heart, the rawest tourist that ever went from city to city in hospitable Flanders and Brabant has come home again with a shy reverence for the grave loveliness of those old cities whose history, tower and wall its monument, is the story of a race indomitably seeking man's freedom to live free of all chains.

There will come again the day—though it seems remote from us as are now the days when Europe was at peace—when we English tourists will see Belgium again. But when we go again to the land that was our holiday-land we shall not be remembering the guide-book's old stories of cities struggling for liberty against kings and ancient emperors, of strife against Burgundian duke and Hapsburg tyranny bristling with Spanish spears; we shall not, one would say, be talking of the household arts in their venerable home, with delicate words of Van Eyck and Memling and

and the fate of Liège. But Liège, we said, seeking comfortable words, was a factory town armed for strife, ringed by fortresses. Liège had, in harsh measure, the common fortune of a city besieged. Louvain—Louvain was a non-combatant, a city of peace, unarmed and helpless. By the laws of war it would find mercy. Also it was one of the earth's precious things. Germany herself, maintaining so many professors of the arts and the archaeologies, had her share in Louvain. And besides, had not Germany joined at The Hague, fifteen years ago, in the agreement of all civilised Powers? "The bombardment of towns which are not defended is prohibited." "Individual lives and private property must be respected." "All seizure of and destruction or intentional damage done to religious, charitable and educational institutions, to historical monuments, works of art or science, is prohibited." To all of these clauses the representatives of Germany had answered with an unctuous Amen. Therefore, Louvain, undefended, a historical monument, a town of learning, religion and charity, would be safe enough. Yet we were still uneasy; a chance shot from those vile guns might do harm irreparable, however ready the conqueror should be with his repentant excuses.



CATHEDRAL W. TH BACK OF TOWN HALL, LOUVAIN.

No need to say now what befel Louvain, to repeat the black story of the deed that shocked civilisation and set Germany's reptile press rejoicing like a clamour of apes. We shall remember it when we have forgotten what Germans did in Magdeburg, what Spaniards did at Antwerp. Already the curse of Louvain is upon Germany. Barbarous as she is, not comprehending the world's anger, she is yet moved to mumble forth lying excuses for the Prussian exploit that so delighted her. Two excuses, each contradicting the other,

wickedness. From Malines also we have news that we may trust. Even for the wanderer from other lands there was no city in the world like to Malines for its singular beauty. There was an hour at sunset when, standing in the open market ground before the old houses with the crow-stepped gables, seeing the lovely tower of St. Rombaut rise up in the holy light, hearing the sweet bells of the incomparable carillon ring evensong of the peaceful day, a man might hardly keep from weeping. It seemed that peace had there her tabernacle

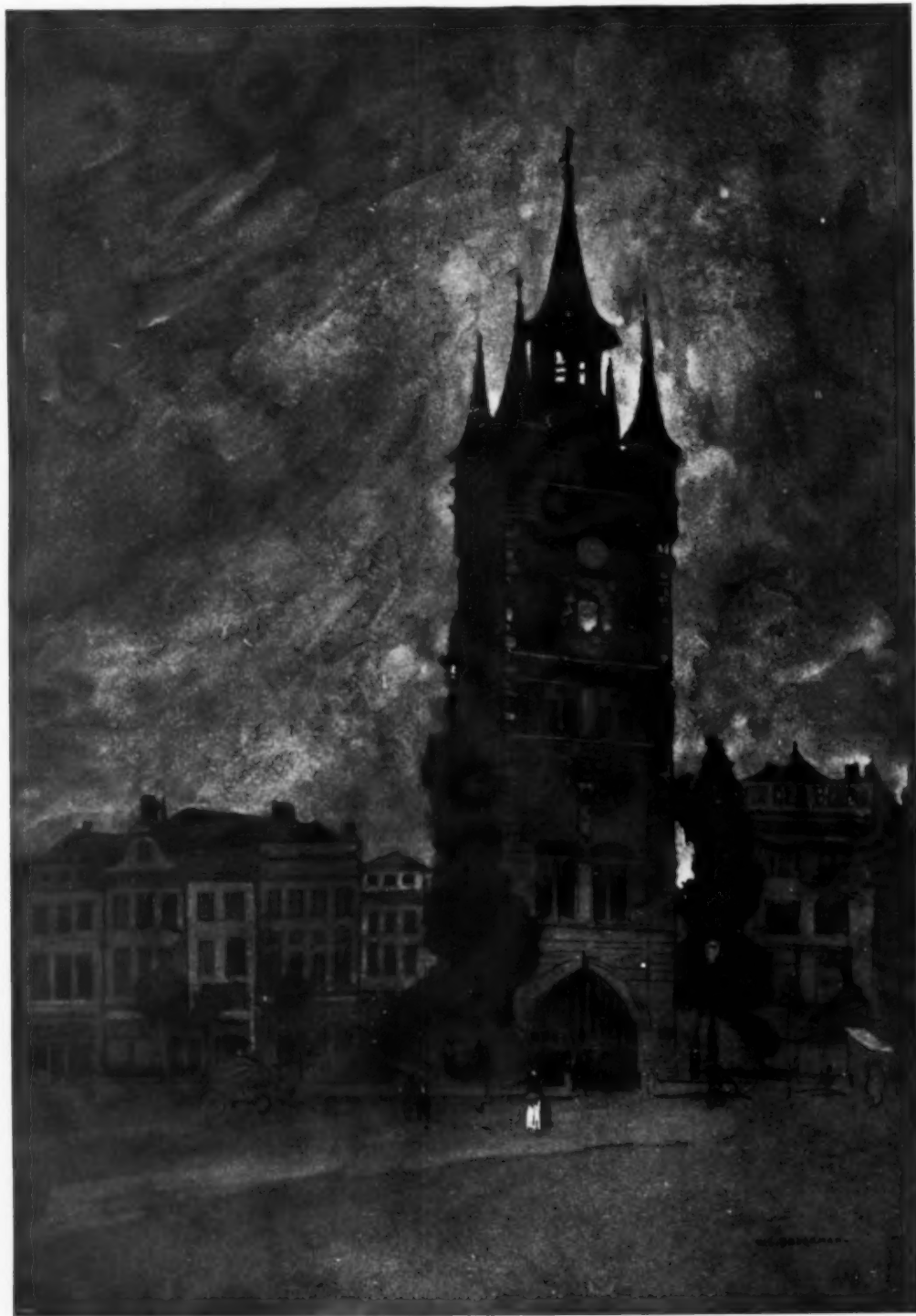
and dwelling by the quiet waters of the Dyle. And now what is the last word from Malines, shot-riddled and down-fallen, the bells silent, broken metal at the tower's foot? It comes from the bellringer himself, who was master of all bellringers. Not a score of folk, he says, lurk alive in that desolate city, where the lean dogs and cats are running famished through the streets.

Under the like doom lie all the cities and towns of this Belgium that, a month ago, was so free and merry, so honest and laborious. Antwerp alone holds out bravely behind her guns, in arms for Belgium and the Cause. "Omne solum forti patria." Antwerp, where the stout-hearted King—no flourisher of a gilt-hilted sword, no glib patron of a god of war—goes down to the trenches in a private soldier's jacket. Antwerp is Belgium, though the Black Eagle has the rest in his red claws. But, alas for Malines! alas for Tirlemont and Namur and Mons and Liège and Charleroi! Alas for the upland cottages and farmhouses where the flame has passed, where the simple folk rot unburied, hideous offerings of Prussian culture to the brazen god of Prussia! Alas for Louvain that was and is not!

When Mohammed the Conqueror rode through the breached wall of Constantinople and saw the desolation his

great guns had worked, the tears were on his face. He could quote to himself a poet's sad lines: "The beautiful handiwork of man hath departed: nought but the shadow of his actions remaineth. How long shall these things be? Verily no man knoweth their day: only God, the Great, the Merciful." One may believe that the doughty Prussian, seeing his work at Louvain, sought in vain for the right words. But he would turn to the nearest regimental band, ordering it to bray out once again the melody of "Deutschland, Deutschland, über alles"!

OSWALD BARRON.



THE BELFRY AT COURTRAI.

have been sent out by Berlin. A committee of investigation is, we are told, preparing yet a third for a wider circulation. As though any man or woman will heed again oath or protestation from a state that, from the beginning of its treaty-breaking war, has mobilised perjury and falsehood. It is enough that we know how Louvain was laid in ashes from gate to gate and how the hands of its dead citizens, thrust out from the light soil shovelled upon them from the flower-beds, are lifted in appeal for judgment against them who did this great

THE GUIDES' SPORTING TROPHIES.

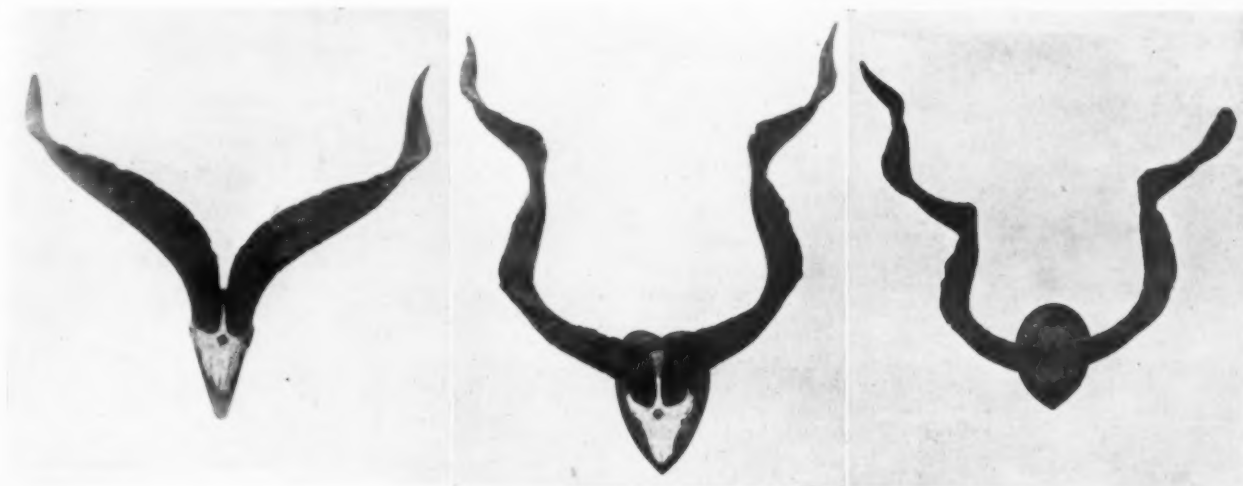
The numbers in parentheses and under the illustrations correspond with those under "Measurements of the Heads."

THE collection of sporting trophies in the Guides' Mess at Mardan is remarkable rather for the number and variety of the specimens, of which it is composed, and for their general high standard, than for the surpassing of records, as regards any individual heads. While there is not an actual record head in the Mess, yet there are, perhaps, few regimental collections in which the general average is higher. The variety is very great, the Mess walls being covered with trophies brought back by officers of the corps from many lands. Except in the dining-room, where two walls are reserved, exclusively, for Himalayan ibex and Kashmir stag, no attempt is made at scientific grouping of the heads, which are arranged solely with a view to effect, so that animals, strangers to one another

attendance upon markhor from the rugged mountains of Gilgit and Chilas, which, in their turn, see before them an ovis ammon poli from the far distant Pamirs. The black buck from the level plains of the Punjab finds neighbours in urial from the stony hills of Waziristan, and in sambar from the swamps of Burma, while a tiger from Central India has its last resting place among gazelle and antelope from Africa, prey to which it was a stranger during its marauding life! Such an arrangement, however galling to the soul of the methodical naturalist, is surely the most appropriate for a Mess, where the trophies are looked upon less as mere zoological specimens, less as mere subjects for scientific dissertation, than as mementoes of many a shooting expedition, mementoes, too, of officers no longer with the corps.



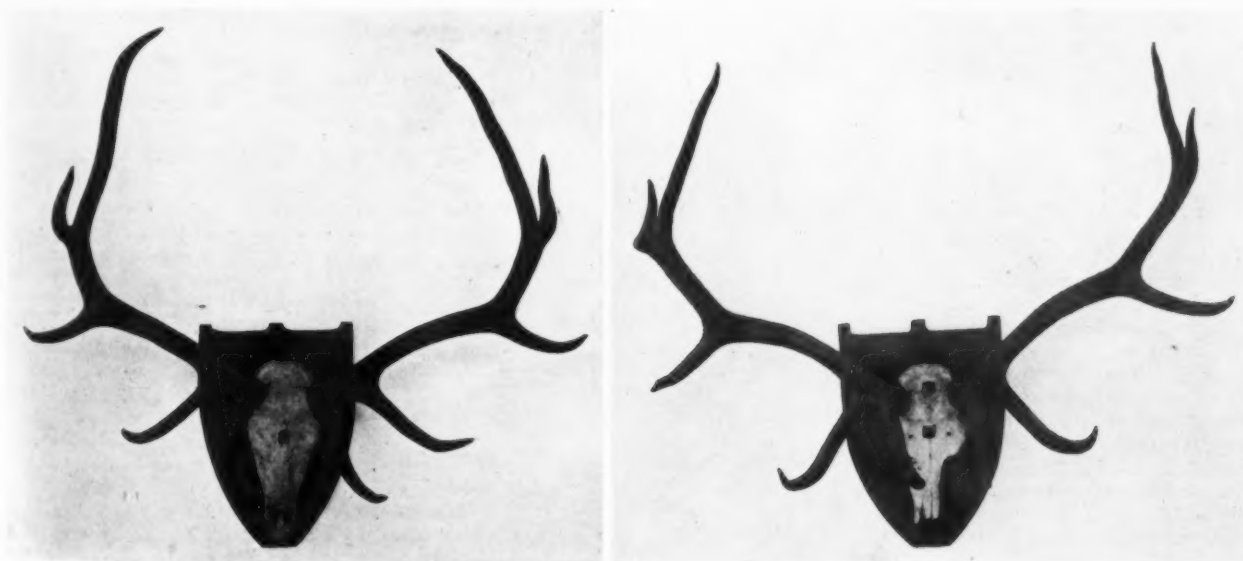
NO. 1.—CAPE BUFFALO.



NOS. 16, 6 & 5.—MARKHOR.

in life, find themselves close neighbours in death. A Cape buffalo, with two urial from the Punjab as satellites, looks across at yak from the wind-swept tableland of Thibet, while a kudu from the arid plains of Somaliland is in close

The Mess itself is an old building set in the midst of smooth green lawns, pine trees and gardens. Originally quite small, it has been enlarged from time to time as the number of officers gradually increased, with the consequence



NOS. 21 & 22.—KASHMIR BARASINGHA.

that the interior is now very irregular in shape, an irregularity which, perhaps, lends itself to the effective arrangement of the trophies with which the walls are hung. Entering by the northern door one comes first to the card-room, which formerly served as a library, but is now connected with the main ante-room by a wide arch, over which is the head of a chital or spotted deer. In the centre of the wall, to the right, is a Cape buffalo (I), illustrated, flanked on either side by urial from the Kala Chitta Hills, near Campbellpur, while on the opposite wall are a couple of yak (2) from Thibet. Besides these, there are ibex and Thibetan antelope (3), a shapo or urial from the Himalayas, and a water buck (4) from East Africa. Passing under the arch into the ante-room we see before us the shaggy head of a Pir Panjal markhor, which keeps watch and ward over the billiard-room door. Above, on either side, are two fine unmounted specimens of the same variety (5) and (6), illustrated, both from Chilas. In the pursuit of one of these the sportsman, Major A. B. Dew, did not have the field



NO. 8.—URIAL.



NO. 10.—URIAL.

entirely to himself, for while he was intent on getting a shot at the markhor, he had the satisfaction (?) of knowing that he himself was being followed up by an amiable gentleman named Isa Muhammed—of Chitral fame—who was equally intent on getting a shot at him, an ambition which, happily, was not realised! Isa Muhammed was afterwards poisoned by an enterprising Mullah, so he and the markhor tied for second place in this triangular contest. Further along the wall there is a perfect mounted specimen of the black buck, or Indian antelope (7), illustrated, with horns set at a very graceful angle. Close by is a fine specimen of the Waziristan urial (8), illustrated, a perfect type of its race, with its massive curled horns curving outwards at the tips. Above is a sambar of the Burmese variety (9), a very good specimen of its kind, with horns 34½ in. in length. To the east the wall curves round in a bow, from the centre of which a gaur, or Indian bison, looks out across the Mess. Below are thar from Chamba State in the Himalayas, a Nilgherri thar and a muntjac,



NO. 11.—ARGALI SHEEP.



NO. 7.—BLACK BUCK.

of it to a rich American magnate—in need of proofs of his prowess with the rifle, perhaps. The original wearer of the horns had been done to death far away in the Pamirs by a native shikari, doubtless in the pay of the agent. Needless to say, this unworthy traffic in sporting trophies had to be discouraged. The owner of the pony having been compensated for his trouble, the head changed hands, and now hangs in the Mess, where, at any rate, it is properly appreciated. Whether the agent has recovered from the discouragement which he received, and still plies his nefarious trade, is a matter for conjecture alone. In the west wall is a lofty arch leading into the dining-room outlined with black buck heads, and surmounted by the spreading horns of an Indian buffalo (12). On one side of the arch is a kudu from Somaliland (13), on the other a urial, a local variety of the urial, from the Himalayas. Other heads also have their place on this wall, including a brow-antlered deer from Manipur, which, though not a large head, has sad associations, as it was shot and presented to the Mess by Captain H. Butler, who

breath of his nostrils. Close above is a curious markhor head, which combines the peculiarities of two distinct varieties, one horn being of the straight Suleman type, while the other displays the shallow spiral of the Cabul markhor. Over the arch, which leads into the card-room, flanked right and left by bharal from Ladak and Kulu, are set the huge, curling horns of an ovis ammon poli (11), illustrated. In these days this monarch among sheep is very seldom shot by the sportsman from India, who, at any rate, if he be in the army, is practically debarred by considerations of leave and money, and by the difficulty of obtaining the necessary permission, from searching out his quarry in its native haunts in the Pamirs, far beyond British territory. Even his inaccessibility, however, does not protect him from the power of the almighty dollar! A former member of the corps, touring in the heart of the Himalayas, one day met a pony laden with a fine head, which was being brought down for a native agent for sporting trophies, who intended to dispose



NO. 18.—IBEX.



NO. 19.—IBEX.

was so recently assassinated in South Waziristan. Although these are the more outstanding heads in the ante-room of the Mess; they are but a few out of the many which fill all the available wall space, and among which the slender, tapering horns of the Thibetan antelope mingle with the thick, branch-like antlers of the sambar, the sweeping sickles of the ibex with the modest horns of the Indian Gazelle (14), illustrated, and Thibetan gazelle (15). The homely goral, the chamois of the Himalayas, is not forgotten, and there is a specimen with thick horns of 8½ in. in length, which was shot in Chamba State by Captain Hector McLean, afterwards killed in action at Landakai, in the Swat Valley, during the frontier campaign of 1897. There are also some examples of the Astor variety of markhor. The specimen (16) illustrated, though not of any great size, is interesting in that it was one of a herd containing animals of the typical Pir Panjal type. One of the most recent

and most valuable additions to the collection is a Persian gazelle (17), illustrated, from Southern Waziristan. This animal is very rarely shot within British territory, and

there is some question as to the exact species to which it belongs, as it differs somewhat from the generally recognised varieties. The long dining-room contains some of the best heads in the Mess, and the two side walls are given over exclusively to Himalayan ibex and Kashmir stag, a double row of each running the entire length of the room, the ibex on the south and the stag on the north. Chief among the ibex is a magnificent head picked up about 1881 by Major R. C. Hutchinson of the Corps, who fell in action in 1886 at Malandri on the Buner Frontier, which is beautifully symmetrical and the finest trophy in the Mess, and for many years was an actual record. Even now, though it has long since been outstripped by its larger cousins of the Thian Shan, there are few heads

NO. 14.—CHINKARA.

from British India which surpass it in measurements, and possibly none which can show a more graceful pair of horns. Its photograph is given herewith (18), together with that of another ibex on the same wall (19). Among the forest of antlers on the opposite wall is a graceful mounted specimen of the Kashmir stag, the "Barasingha" of Northern India; and, on either side, two fine unmounted heads. One of these, which, alas! lacks one brow tine as a result of a recent catastrophe, was shot by Colonel F. Battye, who was afterwards killed in the action at the Panjkora River in 1897, when in command of the Guides' Infantry. The other was shot in the Kishenjunga Valley as early in the year as September 20th. Photographs (21) and (22) show two of these heads. At the far end of the room is an *Ovis ammon hodgsoni* (23), illustrated, the "Ovis ammon" of the Indian sportsman, of no very remarkable size, but the only specimen of its race in the Mess. To its right and left are Suleman, or straight-horned markhor (24), illustrated. These latter were shot on Paja, a hill about 4,500ft. above sea level, some seventeen miles north-north-east of Mardan, half within our borders and half in Buner. In the old days this hill used to afford a happy hunting ground, holding both markhor and goral; but now, with so many rifles in the hands of the tribesmen, game is scarce, and nothing worth having has been shot for many years, though one or two officers usually go out during the rutting season, on the off chance of bagging a stray

head which may have found its way down from the higher hills beyond. From Paja a spur runs down westwards to the village of Jamal Garhi, and the open plain, not far from here, was recently the scene of an unusual incident. A squadron and double company of the corps were out for field training, and one day, during the march back to camp, a leopard was descried slinking into a field of Indian corn. After the day's work was done three officers decided to make an attempt to bag the animal, so to this end sallied forth armed with rifles. The quarry at first refused to leave its retreat, but, as a result of various tactical manœuvres, it eventually surrendered to *force majeure* and an assortment of bullet wounds, not, however, before it had delivered a spirited charge on its nearest adversary, who, not to be outdone, met it at the point of the bayonet. The bayonet found its billet, but, as the shock of the impact caused the intrepid officer to turn a most

effective somersault, it was, perhaps, fortunate that his feline opponent was too far gone to be capable of a proper "appreciation of the situation"! The presence of a leopard so far out in the plain was an unheard-of event.

There now only remains the billiard-room, where may be seen a fine tiger skin from Central India, a couple of chital or spotted deer, a hog deer, and a varied collection of heads brought back from East Africa by Major J. C. McCaskill, among which figure wildebeeste, hartebeeste, Thomson's gazelle (25), Soemmerring's and Grant's gazelles, and many other varieties of African big-game.

The accompanying illustrations do not, of course, claim to be exhaustive, nor has any attempt been made to depict every species in the collection. Some of the heads, alas! bear traces of the ravages of time and climate, which, though indistinguishable when the trophies are on the walls, would be only too evident under the searching eye of the camera. On the other hand, some heads of little more than mediocre measurements have been included, either on account of their symmetry or because they are the only specimens of their kind. The collection, debarréd by want of space from increasing in size, is gradually improving in quality as from year to year new specimens come in, to oust their less meritorious rivals. C. E. MORRIS, *Capt., The Guides Corps.*

MEASUREMENTS OF THE HEADS.

(1) Scientific name, *Bos [bubalus] caffer*; popular name, Cape buffalo. Measurements: Width outside, 43½ in.; width inside, 38½ in.; tip to tip, 29 in.; width of palm, 12 in. Presented by Major J. C. McCaskill.

(2) Scientific name, *Bos grunniens*; popular name, yak. Measurements: Length on outside curve, 32 in.; girth, 15½ in.; tip to tip, 21½ in. Presented by Captain Lorimer.

(3) Scientific name, *Pantholops hodgsoni*; popular name, Thibetan antelope. Measurements: Length, right, 24½ in.; left, 24 in.; tip to tip, 9½ in. Presented by Lieutenant-Colonel H. W. Codrington.

(4) Scientific name, *Cobus ellipsiprymnus*; popular name, water buck. Measurements:

Length, 28½ in.; girth, 9½ in.; tip to tip, 14½ in. Presented by Captain B. R. Graham.

(5) Scientific name, *Capra falconeri cashmirensis*; popular name, markhor (Pir Panjal). Measurements: Length outside curve, 55½ in.; length



NO. 23.—ARGALI SHEEP.



NO. 14.—CHINKARA.



NO. 17.—GAZELLE.



NO. 24.—MARKHOR.

straight, 36in.; girth, 9½in.; tip to tip, 31½in. Presented by Major A. B. Dew.

(6) Scientific name, *Capra falconeri cashmiriensis*; popular name, markhor (Pir Panjal). Measurements: Length outside curve, 54in.; length straight, 36½in.; girth, 9½in.; tip to tip, 31½in. Presented by Captain D. G. Sandeman.

(7) Scientific name, *Antelope cervicapra*; popular name, black buck, or Indian antelope. Measurements: Length straight, 23½in.; girth, 5½in.; tip to tip, 19½in. Presented by Lieutenant-Colonel H. W. Codrington.

(8) Scientific name, *Ovis vignei cycloceros*; popular name, ural (Trans-Indus variety). Measurements: Length front curve, 36in.; girth, 10½in.; tip to tip, 14in. Presented by Captain D. G. Sandeman.

(9) Scientific name, *Cervus unicolor* [Rusa] *aristotilis*; popular name, sambar. Measurements: Length, 34½in.; girth, 8in.; tip to tip, 26½in.; width inside, 28in.; number of points, 3 and 3. Presented by Captain F. K. Hensley.

(10) Scientific name, *Ovis vignei cycloceros*; popular name, ural (Salt Range variety). Measurements: Length on front curve, 36in.; girth, 9½in.; tip to tip, 12½in. Presented by Captain D. G. Sandeman.

(11) Scientific name, *Ovis ammon poli*; popular name, Pamir or Marco Polo's Argali. Measurements: Length on curve, 68½in.; girth, 15½in.; tip to tip, 45½in. Presented by Major A. B. Dew.

(12) Scientific name, *Bos* [bubalus] *bubalis* (arni); popular name, Indian buffalo. Measurements: Length, 41in.; girth, 18in.; tip to tip, 32in.; width inside, 39in.; width outside, 45½in. Presented by Lieutenant-Colonel G. B. Hodson.

(13) Scientific name, *Strepsiceros capensis chora*; popular name, kudu (Somaliland variety). Measurements: Length on curve, 50½in.; length straight, 38½in.; girth, 9in.; tip to tip, 38½in. Presented by Major P. C. Elliott Lockhart.

(14) Scientific name, *Gazella bennetti*; popular name, chinkara, or Indian gazelle. Measurements: Length, 12½in.; girth, 4½in.; tip to tip, 6½in. Presented by Lieutenant-Colonel H. W. Codrington.

(15) Scientific name, *Gazella picticaudata*; popular name, Thibetan gazelle. Measurements: Length, 12½in.; girth, 3½in.; tip to tip, 1½in. Presented by Lieutenant-Colonel H. W. Codrington.

(16) Scientific name, *Capra falconeri megaceros*; popular name, markhor (Astor variety). Measurements: Length on curve, 38in.; length straight, 31in.; girth, 13in.; tip to tip, 36in. Presented by Lieutenant-Colonel H. W. Codrington.

(17) Scientific name, *Gazella subgutturosa*; popular name, Persian gazelle. Measurements: Length, right, 13½in.; left, 13½in. Presented by Captain D. G. Sandeman.

(18) Scientific name, *Capra sibirica sacin*; popular name, Himalayan ibex. Measurements: Length, right, 54½in.; left, 53½in.; girth, 10½in.; tip to tip, 25in. Presented by Major R. E. Hutchinson.

(19) Scientific name, *Capra sibirica sacin*; popular name, Himalayan ibex. Measurements: Length, 48½in.; girth, 9½in.; tip to tip, 34½in. Presented by unknown.

(20) Scientific name, *Cervus cashmirianus*; popular name, Kashmir Barasingha. Measurements: Length (curve), 40½in.; girth, 7½in.; tip to tip, 24½in.; number of points, 5 and 5. Presented by Lieutenant-Colonel H. W. Codrington.

(21) Scientific name, *Cervus cashmirianus*; popular name, Kashmir Barasingha. Measurements: Length, 44½in.; girth, 7in.; tip to tip, 20in.; number of points, 5 and 5; width inside, 34½in. Presented by Lieutenant-Colonel F. Battye.

(22) Scientific name, *Cervus cashmirianus*; popular name, Kashmir Barasingha. Measurements: Length, 44½in.; girth, 8½in.; tip to tip, 31½in.; width inside, 39in.; number of points, 5 and 5. Presented by Brigadier-General R. G. Egerton.

(23) Scientific name, *Ovis ammon hodgsoni*; popular name, Thibetan Argali. Measurements: Length on curve, 40in.; girth, 16½in.; tip to tip, 14½in. Presented by Lieutenant-Colonel H. W. Codrington.

(24) Scientific name, *Capra falconeri megaceros*; popular name, Sulman markhor. Measurements: Length, straight, 32½in.; girth, 10in.; tip to tip, 22½in. Presented by unknown.

(25) Scientific name, *Gazella thomsoni*; popular name, Thomson's gazelle. Measurements: Length, 14in.; girth, 4½in.; tip to tip, 4½in. Presented by Major J. C. McCaskill.

IN THE GARDEN.

LUPINES AND THEIR CULTIVATION.

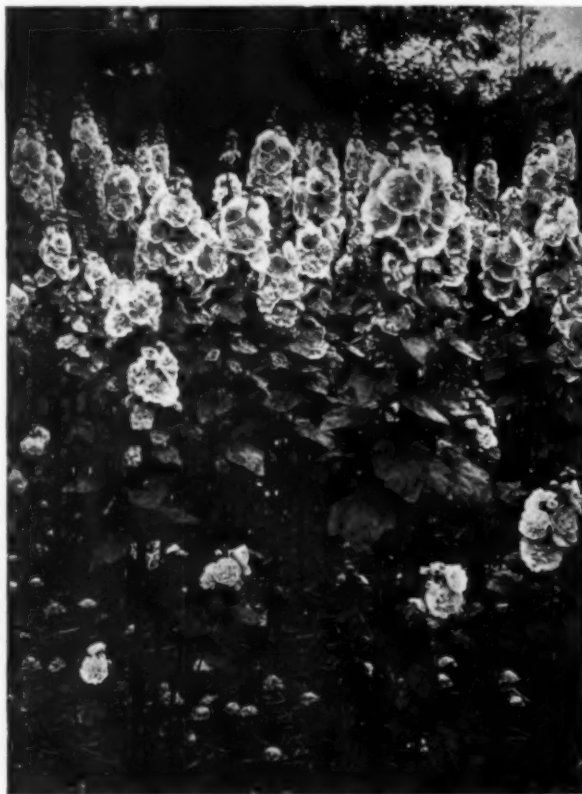
A FEW months ago, when visiting a school garden in Surrey, the writer was a little surprised to find more space devoted to perennial Lupines than to any other garden flower. Large and stately plants carrying numerous spikes of blue, pink purple, and white flowers, provided evidence, if such were needed, that the children had discovered in the Lupine a free-blooming plant amenable to simple cultivation. Lupines are certainly among the easiest of all hardy plants to cultivate, and although they show preference for warm, light soils, they may be grown in almost any garden. Seed may be sown either in spring or late summer, and even though it is usual to sow in the spring, there are certain advantages to be obtained in sowing at the present time. Both the perennial and Tree Lupines may be sown now in the open, and by so doing strong and sturdy plants will be raised by the autumn which will stand the winter outside without protection. It is, however, better to leave the sowing of the annual Lupine for a few weeks, say, till the last week in September. In nurseries it is a common practice to sow seed of the perennial Lupine in July with the object of obtaining early flower-spikes in the autumn. This enables the nurseryman without waiting until the following year to

select the best coloured varieties and to discard others. The Tree Lupine (*Lupinus arboreus*), with its fragrant yellow flowers, is seen to best advantage when grown in a wilder part of the garden and allowed to grow unchecked. Nothing can be more picturesque than large plants from eight to twelve years old, if they can only be induced to attain that age. The flowers are almost always sweetly scented, but it cannot be said that they are invariably of good colour. It almost seems as though the Tree Lupine has been influenced by the perennial varieties in regard to colour, for mauve-tinted flowers are by no means uncommon. The predominant colour is unquestionably yellow, but the shade may vary from pale lemon to rich gold. It is always advisable to save seed from the best coloured golden yellow varieties, but even this precaution may result in seedlings producing flowers of a dull purple, mauve, French grey, lavender, buff, bronze, or even a mixture of yellow and white or mauve and white. It should be remembered, however, that cuttings of the Tree Lupine root quite readily in the open ground, and by this means the best coloured varieties may be kept true. Like other Lupines, it shows a preference for light, open soils, while it is an admirable subject to grow in association with sun-loving

plants, such as Poppies, Columbines and Rock Roses. As the Tree Lupine has an unhappy way of dying suddenly after attaining an age of two or three years, and as it may be killed by frost in a severe winter, it is advisable to always have a few seedlings in hand. This is quite a good time to sow, and many of the seedlings raised now will flower next year, others flowering the year following, seed may also be sown in the spring. Of the perennial Lupines, the varieties of *Lupinus polyphyllus*, chiefly dark blue, are undoubtedly the best. They include *grandiflorus*, *macrophyllus*, *alba* and the handsome *Moerheimii*. The last named produces spikes of rose and white flowers in profusion all through June, while the other varieties after flowering in late spring frequently flower again in the autumn.

HOLLYHOCKS IN COTTAGE GARDENS.

The remarkably fine display of Hollyhocks seen in many cottage gardens this summer serves to recall the one-time popularity of this handsome flower. The Hollyhock has been a favourite flower among cottagers almost from the time of its introduction from China in the latter half of the sixteenth century. Less than sixty years ago there were special Hollyhock societies, and in many parts of the Midlands Hollyhock shows were held at the inns of villages and country towns. The double blossoms were invariably staged in paper collars and show-boxes—a somewhat absurd practice still applied to Carnations and florists' Tulips when dressed for show purposes. As is the case with many other garden flowers that are subject to high cultivation, the Hollyhock became the victim of a disease which wrought



GROUPED HOLLYHOCKS.

great havoc by destroying the foliage. Within the last two years, at least, the disease has been less virulent, and there seems a possibility that the Hollyhock will regain some of its old-time popularity. It may be mentioned that seedlings are

less liable to disease than either cuttings or divisions of the old roots. Seed may be sown as soon as it is ripe, and the seedlings should be wintered in cold frames, giving them plenty of air and little water.

H. C.

OLD BANK AND WAR NOTES.

BY SIR MARTIN CONWAY.

SMALL boys at dame schools do a good deal of bartering. "If you'll give me your old bat, I'll give you my white mice and three fives balls and my old pocket-knife." After some haggling and perhaps the throwing in of a whistle or other rubbish, the bargain is struck. They barter because they generally lack money. Grown-up people barter indirectly and call it buying and selling. For this purpose they have to have money or credit, in the form of coins or cheques or other documents. When coins are not to be had in sufficient numbers and when the credit of individuals has been annihilated by reason of war or commercial panic, the only medium of exchange that remains is the credit of the community. This is split up into fragments and issued in the form of notes of smaller or larger amount. In times of war such notes always appear, first in

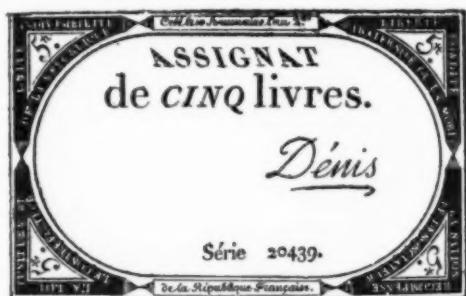


A SOUVENIR OF THE AMERICAN WAR. (Reduced.)

"shin-plasters," though at what moment and for what particular reason that name was given I have not been able to learn. The old-fashioned American shin-plaster was a piece of brown paper soaked in vinegar, so that it may be argued that the name was given to small notes from the dirty condition to which they were soon reduced.

In the Argentine and Uruguay, when I was in those countries fifteen years ago, notes were issued and circulated freely, having such small values as a penny or even a half-penny. They remained in use till they were mere dirty rags on which only faint traces of printing were apparent, and I still possess, stuck into my diary, some examples of them almost incredibly dilapidated.

Paper money representing small amounts was, however, used in America as far back as the Revolutionary War. We reproduce an

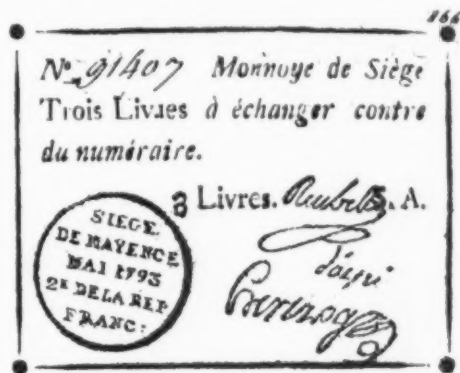


AN ASSIGNAT OF THE FRENCH REVOLUTION.

bodies or by officers in command. A collection of such notes of different dates and countries is an interesting memorial of the bygone trials and troubles of communities. Sometimes they are finely printed, and we see that the emergency was not a sudden one. At other times they are of the roughest execution and bear on their face the urgency of their origin. The Americans during the War of Secession were driven to employ great quantities of paper money. They called the vouchers, when representing small amounts,

the shape of Governmental promises to pay; later on, when small communities have been isolated by sieges or otherwise cut off, in promises given by smaller

example, dated May, 1777, worth half-a-crown, and issued by the State of Delaware. It is not a remarkable work of art, but it aims higher than the five-franc assignat of the French Revolution, issued in the year II. of the Republic. It is easy enough to stamp "cinq livres" on a piece of paper.



A RARE NOTE ISSUED IN 1793. (Reduced.)



PAPER MONEY OF THE HUNGARIAN WAR OF INDEPENDENCE. (Reduced.)

The difficulty is to get people to part with five francs' worth of goods in exchange for it. I do not know what was the exchangeable value of a five-livre assignat in the year II., but as the years went by that value diminished rapidly.

Under stress of siege, a community has to be satisfied with very simple notes. Here is an example

of one for three livres issued during the siege of Mayence in 1793. The number shows that over 91,000 of them were put into circulation. One wonders how many of them were finally redeemed for cash. At such times, however, the thing is to get people by hook or by crook to use such notes as there are, and to keep the process of barter going forward by means of them. Whoever issued the notes for five-lire and smaller amounts, entitled "Moneta patriotica," in the troublous times of 1848, knew what he was about. When your country is in danger you must take its notes and do the best you can with them, if you are a



ISSUED BY THE CONFEDERATED STATES DURING THE WAR BETWEEN NORTH AND SOUTH. (Reduced.)



GENUINE BUT OBSOLETE NOTES USED BY AMERICAN SHARPERS. (Reduced.)

patriotic citizen; such, at any rate, was the idea which the issuing authority wished to convey. Perhaps it was wise to

keep its name off the face of the bill, which bears no one's promise to pay on the face of it, nor any authority for its issue.

The States and the United States of North America have been prolific issuers of notes, large and small.

same small scale I cannot say. To judge from the punctured edge, they were divided by tearing along the punctured lines.

In England we had only till now heard of one-pound notes, though in Scotland we have seen them. To the ordinary Englishman a note has been a piece of paper worth

I have already referred to an early effort of the kind. Later on, especially during the War of Secession, such issues became very numerous. Some of these old notes are beautiful examples of engraving. Indeed, down to the present day the engraving applied in America to share certificates, notes, and the like instruments attains a high level of refinement. The 20dollar bill issued by the Confederate States cannot be cited as a case in point, for it is rough work and ill designed. It was to be redeemed "six months after the ratification of a treaty of peace between the Confederate States and the United States," but such promises have been broken, not only in this case. The 5dollar bill issued by the State of Maryland in 1858—that is to say, before the war—is an admirable piece of delicate engraving and careful printing on excellent paper; it is a pleasure to look at and handle it. The group of sailing vessels that fills its centre is well composed and drawn, while the sky is obviously reminiscent of Turner. Another Maryland bill, the example of which before us is undated and was never actually issued, is clearly later in date. Steamboats now appear among the sailing vessels, and, of course, as in every category of art in the nineteenth century, as steam came in art retired. Thus, here the work is already cruder and at the same time more pretentious, while the sentimental lambs and the portrait of Daniel Webster made from a photograph entirely lack any decorative quality.

As the war went on, numbers of notes representing small amounts were needed and were forthcoming. Such were those called Postage Currency, guaranteed to be good for the purchase of postage stamps and worth ten cents apiece. Why bills worth 5dollar and even 1dollar were issued in 1862 on the

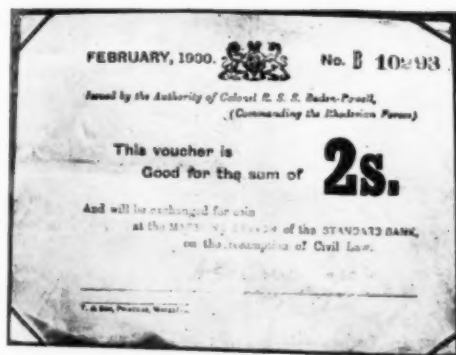
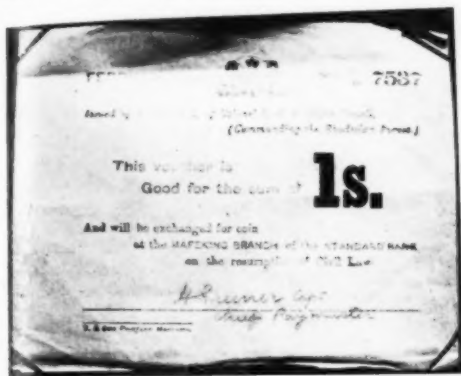


AN AMERICAN SHIN PLASTER.



CHANGEABLE FOR POSTAGE STAMPS.

five pounds and that looked as though it had value—a thing pleasant to hold, clean, crackling, and of agreeable associations. Now we have to learn to get along with paper sovereigns and half sovereigns. We passed through the South African War without them, but that was a very different matter, though in South Africa paper vouchers were needed, at any rate within besieged Mafeking, and, for all I can remember to the contrary, within Ladysmith. Examples of the Mafeking siege notes for sums between one shilling and one pound are before me. They were issued by the authority of Colonel Baden-Powell, who was in command, and the Standard Bank was to redeem them. The notes for small amounts were plain printed documents. The ten shilling notes bore a couple of nice little woodcuts, well drawn and simply engraved in the style of fifteenth century wood cuts. But when it came to the one pound notes, the designer "stuck out his tongue and took pains." Here are smart marksmen and a cannon and a charming young woman with a baby on her arm, all very well drawn and apparently printed by some kind of process reproduction, very



MAFEKING PAPER MONEY. (Reduced.)



ISSUED DURING THE BOER WAR. (Reduced.)

creditable to a besieged city in the remote parts of South Africa in the year 1900. Let us hope that no British city in the present war will be reduced to the like straits by the misfortune of siege; but should such a fate befall, let us also hope that its notes fifteen years later may be memorials of a like courage and a like success as that which the notes of Mafeking will ever recall.

LE VIEILLARD.

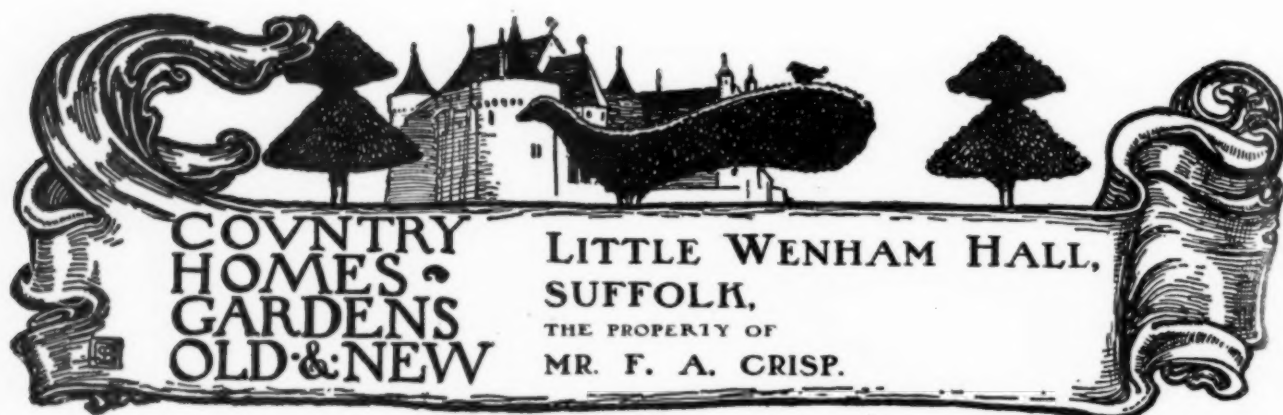
(Written at Le Touquet, near Boulogne, August, 1914.)

Old fires burn in your heart to-night,
But on the Dunes, in fading light,
There is no more that you can be.
Far off the murmur of the sea
Comes to your sense, you hear aright—
"There is no more that you can be."

The wild sea birds have sought their rest
On shallow shore, without a nest,
The blood-red moon shines on the Dunes,
And you—you hear the ancient runes
Die in your heart, the battle quest
Is over, with the war-like tunes.

The tocsin sounds, you fain would go
As once of old to meet the foe
Where great guns rend the earth and sea,
But Time has issued his decree—
There is no more that you can know
Save that 'tis better not to be.

MABEL LEIGH.



LITTLE WENHAM HALL is a priceless survival of the unfit. It is a house which no one nowadays would or could live in. From the utilitarian point of view it should either be altered beyond recognition, or swept away. Fortunately this "nation of shopkeepers," though it has not allowed its Government to deal with such matters, has had individuals who could see things from an archaeological and aesthetic point of view, and thus has Wenham been saved from decay and obliteration. It is unique in being a well-preserved thirteenth century dwelling, largely built of brick—a material scarcely used by the English until the fifteenth century. But, besides that, it illustrates in a remarkable degree how a country knight in the days of Edward I. planned and built his dwelling. A large room or hall, with a chapel opening out of it, a single small chamber above the latter, and a large vaulted undercroft for retainers and storage, were, beside a detached kitchen and set of offices, all the necessary accommodation. This

we find at Wenham, and the building that contains it is, thanks to the attention of the late Mr. G. E. Crisp, in good substantial repair and preserves intact a large part of the original details. It stands on a bank sloping south and west and below is a house dating from about 1700, where lives the farmer. A little way to the north is the church, while the intervening space is largely occupied by a picturesque group of farm buildings, weather-worn and storm-beaten, which, with church and hall, make up a delightful picture of old rural life as it expressed itself in East Anglia.

Lying a few miles south-west of Ipswich, the parish of Little Wenham is very appropriately named. All about it is little. The area is under 1,000 acres, the population consists of threescore souls. The church would not more than hold them, while the manor house has less accommodation than a good-sized cottage of to-day. The effort to establish who first owned and built it has not been successful. Mr. Stephen Jackson, who read a paper on Little Wenham



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SOUTH PIER.

"COUNTRY LIFE."



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SOUTH-EAST ANGLE.

"COUNTRY LIFE."



Copyright.

DETAIL OF TOWER.



THE TOWER.

"C.L."

to the members of the Suffolk Institute of Archæology in 1859, said that it was held by the Holbrooke family in 1281, and he inferred that one of them had built the hall at that time. Mr. V. B. Redstone, who described the church in 1901, was in favour of a thirteenth century Brewse ownership, and declared that the Brewses "were great church

builders," that the "lancet windows and the sedilia fix the date of erection to be 1260-70," and that as, among other remarkably similar features, the east windows of the church and of the hall chapel are identical, we owe both buildings to a Brewse. Now, however, that excellent antiquary, Mr. F. A. Crisp, the present owner of the Hall and lord of the manor, has



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THE HALL FROM THE NORTH.

"COUNTRY LIFE."

gone thoroughly into the matter and has very kindly supplied the following note: "It is difficult to say who built or lived in the Hall before the Brewses. The manor belonged to John de Vallibus, or Vaux, who died in 1286, and it descended to Petronilla, his elder daughter and co-heir, who married William de Nerford. It has been stated that her first husband was a de Holbrook, but I believe that Roger de Holbrook was tenant of Little Wenham at the time of the death of John de Vallibus and that the Hall was held by the Holbrooks till it passed to the Debenhams. The first person that can be said with some certainty to have dwelt at Little Wenham

by the dedication of its chapel to St. Petronilla, whose name he gave to his daughter and heiress. For the date of erection we must depend on the architectural details. Here there is substantial agreement between Mr. Redstone and the late Mr. Jackson, who declared that he had "every reason to believe that the Church and Hall were built at the same time and by the same masons." He added that: "The Hall underwent some repairs, but no material alteration at the hands of the Brewses. It remains now comparatively unchanged since its first erection and is, perhaps, the most perfect specimen of a house of the thirteenth century now



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FROM HALL TO CHAPEL.

"COUNTRY LIFE."

is Gilbert de Debenham, who, dying in 1371, desired in his will to be buried in the south wall of the Church of All Saints, in Little Wenham. Elizabeth Debenham, with whom the Hall passed to the Brewses, was probably great-granddaughter of the above Gilbert, but the genealogy of the Debenhams is difficult owing to their possession seemingly of but one Christian name—Gilbert."

As the marriage of Elizabeth Debenham with Sir Thomas Brewse did not take place until the reign of Henry VI., we must give up the idea that a Brewse built Little Wenham. The only hint that John de Vallibus was its author is conveyed

existing." It was, however, then in some neglect and decay. This increased as the century drew to an end, when it was used as a granary. At that critical moment, however, it was acquired by the late Mr. G. E. Crisp of Playford Hall, who "set to work to stay further dilapidation and to retain all the features and details of the early edifice," as was gladly proclaimed by the Suffolk Institute, who revisited the place in 1901 after satisfactory progress had been made in the work of preservation. This was done with so much restraint that there is no appreciable difference between the careful drawings that accompany the description

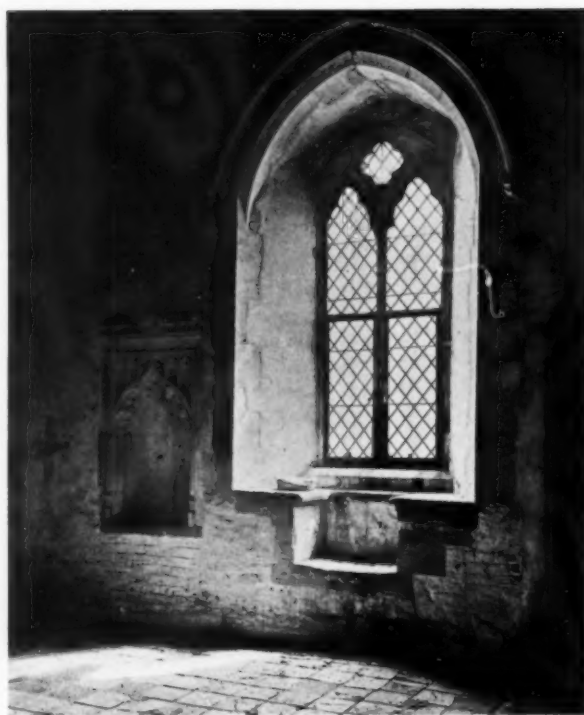
of the place published in 1851 by Mr. Hudson Turner, in his volume on Thirteenth Century Domestic Architecture, and the present illustrations which reproduce photographs specially taken this year.

A certain amount of the walling, especially at the base, is composed of courses of flint and of the "local stone, called septaria," to quote Mr. Jackson, or, in the words of a later authority, "the seashore stone of which Orford Castle is built." The bricks are not of the tile shape used by Romans, but of the size and character used mediævally in the Low Countries, so that it has been held that they were imported from Flanders "by way of Ipswich, being a cheaper material than stone which had to be brought by land carriage from a considerable distance." Thus wrote Mr. Jackson in 1859, and the matter is still in dispute. It must be remembered that the same origin has been attributed to the bricks of fifteenth century Tattershall, though it is now established that they were made in Lincolnshire. The making of roofing tiles of baked clay went on in England in the thirteenth century and bricks only differ from them in size and shape. They were persistently, if only occasionally, used in East Anglia, and it is more likely that the art, and not the material

itself, came from the friendly region across the sea.

The building takes the form of a two-storeyed oblong with a small three-storeyed square on its east side, and, at the re-entering angle thus formed, there is a little projection containing a newel stair. As this continues upwards to admit of doorways on to the roofs of both portions, the view from the south-east presents an appearance not unlike a small church with turretted tower attached. The plan—reproduced from Hudson Turner's volume—gives the undercroft, but one of the illustrations shows that the original south door into it, then walled up, has been opened out. The undercroft contains a room 16ft. wide and 36ft. long, having a brick vault with plain chamfered stone ribs set on semi-octagonal shafts. There is no fireplace, although the masonry of the chimney of the room above is carried down to the ground and not supported by a corbel. An arched door

leads into a smaller room in the east building, from which the newel stair starts and serves for access to the upper floor. The principal entrance to the large upper room or hall was, however, by an outside door in the south wall. How this was approached is uncertain, for the stairway has, as at Markenfield, disappeared. But there, as at Aydon and Brinsop, where



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SOUTH WINDOW IN HALL.

"C.L."



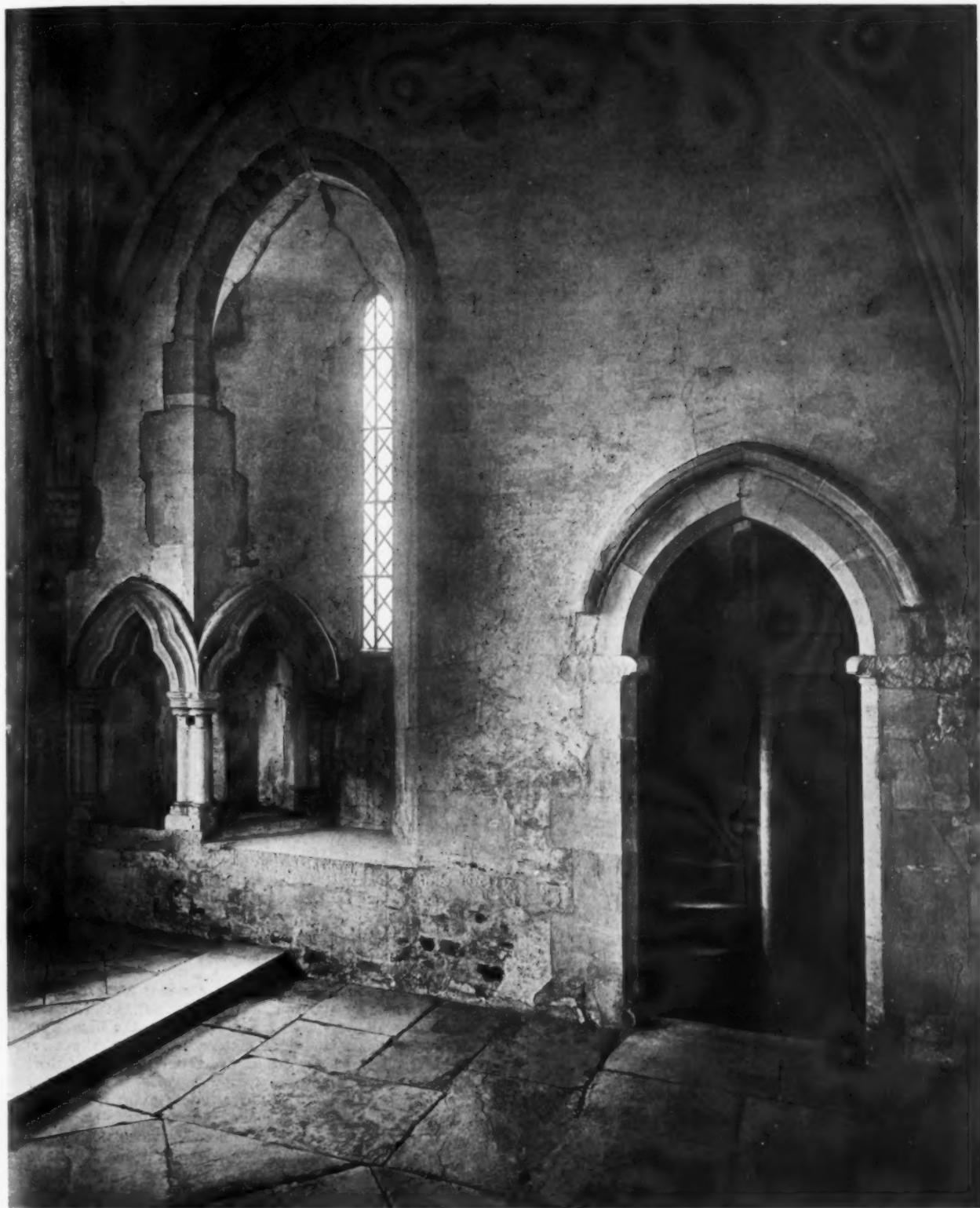
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FROM CHAPEL TO HALL.

"COUNTRY LIFE."

also the halls have undercrofts, a stone stairway led up to it, leaving access to the undercroft door beneath the landing. Over the stairway there was at Aydon and Markenfield a roof, but no visible signs of such at Brinsop. Disturbance of the original masonry shows that there was some sort of building at this point at Wenham. Mr. Jackson's remark that the staircase "appears to have curved round the S.W. angle towards the doorway" is not very illuminating. Probably

As to the Brewses, not much is known about them and their doings beyond what their tombs in the church record. Sir Thomas, who held it in right of his wife, was not buried there when he died in 1482, but at Woodbridge Priory. He had been Sheriff and Knight of the shire for Suffolk, and was succeeded by his son Robert (as heir to his mother), who was Member of Parliament for Dunwich in his father's lifetime. At the meeting of the Suffolk archæologists at



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CHAPEL AND STAIRCASE TO TOWER.

"COUNTRY LIFE."

the kitchen annex, of which there is now no trace, was connected at this point at least by a covered way. The question is complicated by alterations and additions having been made up to the days of Elizabeth, and by subsequent decay and removal. Mr. Crisp tells me that "when used by the Brewses, and after them by the Thurstons, the present 'castle' formed only part of the house. The additions (which are first mentioned in a Survey of 1512) were taken down in about the year 1760."

Little Wenham in 1901 it was said that he probably "made those alterations of the building which are of the perpendicular style of architecture," and as he lived until the year after the 1512 Survey, which mentions the additions, this is doubtless correct. For one year only was he outlived by his son Thomas, who, with his wife Joan, is commemorated by a double canopied brass. When he died in 1514 his son John was only two years old, and as he lived till 1585 he held the manor for seventy-one years. He will have made further



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MONUMENT IN CHURCH.

"C.L."

alterations. Over the lower west door—called "modern" by Mr. Hudson Turner—is a tablet bearing this inscription, *Cecy fait a laide de Dieu lan de grace 1569*, but why the initials that follow this date are "R. B." is a mystery. To the sixteenth century belongs the oak roof of the hall, and the fireplace will have been reconstructed at the same time. Evidently the house had fallen into disrepair, for much of the upper brickwork, including the moulded terra-cotta of the crenellation copings, will not date earlier than Henry VIII. Mr. Redstone believed this Sir John, who, clad in armour, is seen kneeling in the mural monument on the north chancel wall, to have been the last of the family to occupy Wenham, for he tells us that: "On the still standing foundation of the rood screen is scratched in Elizabethan Court hand



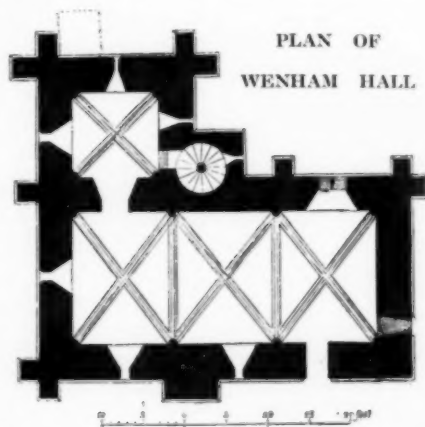
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THE CHURCH PORCH.

"C.L."

G: Brewse. He was son of Sir John and his *Vale* 1584 carved upon the portals of the Castle fixes the period when the Brewses quitted this their ancestral home." But Mr. Crisp finds that Sir John had two sons, who one after the other succeeded to Wenham, and that the latter's descendants continued in possession until Charles II.'s time, when John Brewse sold the manor and estates of Little Wenham. Even then some family connection with the parish continued, and there is a tablet in the church to a Colonel Brewse who died in Ipswich in 1785.

Considering the condition of disrepair evidenced by the sixteenth century renovations, it is fortunate that so much of the earlier detail was, and still remains, in such excellent preservation. The windows are intact. The hall has four of them, each of two lights, with cusped heads, and above them a quatrefoil. The glass is modern; originally there were shutters only, the staples of which remain. Left of the south window is a recess or niche enriched with carving of the late Gothic period, but a more interesting feature is the original doorway and openings into the chapel. It is a charming composition, admirably preserved even to the oak shutters of the openings. They are on the chapel side, and the lancets and octagonal shafts are flattened to take them. On the hall side, the octagonal shafts have moulded base and capital, and in the head is a shallow carved quatrefoil. Over the arches are moulded labels which, in the doorway, end in foliated bosses. As the chapel was far more richly treated than the room, so was the entrance to it to be the most ornate feature of the latter. The chapel has a vaulted roof. Bold, richly moulded ribs rise from the corners and meet in a central boss carved with a figure in the act of blessing within a vesica. The ribs start from simple moulded corbels on the west wall, but there are carved heads to those on the east side, much of which is occupied by a large window of three lights with three quatrefoils above. The general likeness, but detailed difference, of the windows should be noticed. There was no "standardisation." Certain



PLAN OF

WENHAM HALL.

forms were in vogue, but within their limits each mason had his liberty. Thus, in the large chapel window the mouldings of the heads are carried down the shafts. In the hall windows the mouldings end with the heads, and the shafts take the form of round columns with capitals. The hall apertures into the chapel are similarly treated, except that the columns are of octagonal forms, as also are those of the windows of the room above the chapel. It was by such means that the mediæval designers obtained an arrestingly harmonious totality with joyous and enticing variety of parts. The method held good and is as pleasing in result when applied to a modest little dwelling like Wenham as to the vast area of a great church. The 12ft. square chapel at Wenham is full of detail. The north wall, which does not appear in the illustrations, has, towards the east end, an aumbry with a trefoil head and a bold scroll moulding for a hood terminated by masks. It balances the delightful piscina opposite, with its return along the splay of the tall lancet window giving it a detached shaft and a double arch. This arrangement, so engaging in effect, was dictated by constructional reasons, for so much of the south side was taken up by the newel stair and its wall that the lancet was pushed eastward, whereas to the north it occupies the centre of the wall, yet leaves space beyond for a little low side window, 2ft. high and 5in. wide, retaining its original shutter. The room above the chapel, well lit by its three two-light windows, must have been the only chamber in the original house, and, as such, reserved for the owner and his lady. Continuing past its doorway, the stairway next opens on to the nearly flat lead roof of the hall, as is shown in the picture that illustrates the character of the brickwork and moulded copings of the tower and turret.

Whether this tiny "castle," as it is sometimes called, ever had defences and, if so, what they were is uncertain. The contemporary, Aydon, in Northumberland, has both

inner and outer baileys, but these were additions made a quarter of a century after the original building was erected. Although such has not been traced, something in the shape of a walled enclosure is likely to have existed at Wenham, which, unlike most early East Anglian houses, can never have stood in a level and continuous moat, owing to its position on the slope of a knoll. We have here, singularly well preserved, the nucleus of a thirteenth century manor house, but not those dependencies and outworks that were its essential complements, as ensuring the housing, sustenance and safety of the family and its retainers.

When in 1901 Mr. Redstone read to the Suffolk Archaeologists his paper on Little Wenham Church, that edifice was in a sorry state. It had a "falling roof, broken down pews and desecrated chancel, bearing all the signs of neglect." Following upon the meeting, however, money for repair was obtained, and thus church and hall now stand in worthy condition, their close connection in place and style bringing home the lesson of the entire resemblance, in all but requisites for different use, of religious and lay buildings in mediæval times.

H. AVRAY TIPPING.

THE BRETON PEASANT & THE PAST.

[We are glad to publish this article at the present time. First, because it gives an idyllic picture of one of our great ally's pleasantest districts, and secondly, because a nation like ourselves, which depends on sea power, must feel a great sympathy with the Breton peasants whose sons form such splendid recruits to the French Navy.—Ed.]

THERE is scarcely any other race that has managed to live in the midst of a throbbing, progressive people and keep itself aloof from them as the Celtic Bretons have done in France. But then, they love their own race to the point of veneration, cherish their old Celtic language, and cling to all the habits and customs that have been theirs for past generations. The French engineer sends his threshing machines about the

country, but the Breton has a lofty contempt for anything modern that savours of progress. He does not want progress with reaping and threshing machines; he continues to do his work in the fields with the sickle, and in road or yard with the flail. And so the moment you get well away from busy centres like St. Malo with its constant stream of travellers, you find among this delightful peasantry many refreshing scenes of simple and primitive life. The sound of "thud,



W. G. Meredith.

DOING MEN'S WORK.

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thud," echoing with steady persistency on a hard road, strikes attractively on the ear, and a few paces round the turn of a side road brings you at once upon a busy quartette. The dried wheat is spread across the road, and along this the

at every opportunity, and uses them with such care and thrift that a tiny fortune soon begins to grow. She is fond of a chat, too, and on any afternoon in the beautiful sleepy old towns the women, in their picturesque caps and costume, can be seen talking to a neighbour through the window or gossiping outside her door while she grinds her coffee or does any other domestic duty on the stone bench under her overhanging cottage. The women can be seen working beside the men among the corn, leading their cattle—and especially their pigs—to market, receiving the boat loads of fish as they come to the quays, and, in fact, everywhere where industry is needed; and whether in town or country, shop or field, it is

the strong arm and clear brain of the Breton woman upon which chiefly depend the prosperity and maintenance of the family.

L. EDNA WALTER.



STRAW COLLARS FOR THE HORSES.

couples steadily pace: those going backwards bring down their flails with a hard whack on the yellow carpet, and the forward couple follow with theirs. The two couples keep the same distance apart all the time, and the whacks follow as regularly as though timed by clockwork. At the end of their length they move half a yard or so to one side and work in the opposite direction, their flails cutting through the air with the same rhythmic regularity. In their markets, too, it is easy to see how local usage and dress keep their hold on this people. It will be long before leather shoes replace the sabots of the south, it will be longer still before leather replaces the straw collar of the horses. It gives the animals an almost fierce look as they trot along the roads into the market place, with a thick straw collar bristling out from their necks for nearly a foot. The straw harness seems, however, to be fairly durable, and certainly cheap—besides, everyone has material at home wherewith to mend his stock—so the corner of the market where these are for sale is much frequented by men wearing hats with long ends of velvet ribbons trailing down behind. At the market most of the "stalls" are presided over by women. The men are about certainly, but they seem chiefly busy with smoke or talk, frequently

WILD COUNTRY LIFE.

SOME BIRD NOTES AND THEIR MEANING.

WITHOUT doubt the power of transmitting certain thoughts and desires is given to all birds. The plaintive call of the young owl evidently depicts hunger mingled with expectation. Likewise the harsh crow of the cock pheasant proclaims to the whole world a tone of self-satisfaction and comfortable conceit. The notes of love, hatred, fear and hunger are given to all birds and are easily discerned. Granted such is the case, much yet remains to be learned. For example, some of the birds possessing practically no song of their own are excellent mimics. Can a hen starling appreciate and understand her mate's song when it is a strange jumble of liquid curlew calls and the mellow notes of a blackbird, with its own harsh grating song running through it? To a certain extent birds are capable of learning the meaning of the calls of other species. I have seen young eiders run to the hen who was foster mothering them when she gave the call of danger, or come in tumbling haste when her excited clucking proclaimed the find of some choice morsel. In like manner, some of the more intelligent species can learn from man the meaning of certain words of obedience. I remember once being more than puzzled by a thrush singing steadily for about twenty minutes one night during a heavy thunderstorm when it was as dark as pitch, the only solution being that it was a song of rejoicing, for it had been a very dry season, and the rain which accompanied the thunderstorm would bring an improved food supply. The following morning all the birds started to sing long before dawn, undoubtedly songs of thanksgiving for future good things. To

my mind there is no possible doubt that many birds will try to express joy or thanks through song, for I have known several instances of birds singing to individual people only and singing after having received tit-bits of special temptingness.



THRESHING WITH THE FLAIL.

assisted by a glass of fragrant cider. It must be admitted that the Breton man is often a little lazy, and does not appear over anxious to make a big fortune. The woman, however, is quite different; she gathers together small sums

a rather unusual case being that of a shrike who used to sing merrily when his master entered the room, be it either in the day or at night time. Most birds have their fixed places for singing on, and will return to the same branch morning and evening. Song is not by any means, however, the only way given to birds to express their thoughts; neither is it in some cases the only method of making sound, for some birds rely on the noise made by their wings or tail to express their meaning. The loud clapping of the wood-pigeon's wings is a sign of danger to its kind, and is readily learnt and noticed by the other wild things. The peculiar drumming noise of the snipe—made, I believe, by the vibrating of the two outside feathers of the bird's tail, spread wide out when planing down in quick flight—

is nothing but a love song to his mate sitting close by; and the clattering of the stork's bill is, no doubt, in bird language most efficient love-making. How, I wonder, did the woodpecker learn to hiss like a snake? When disturbed in its nest the bird has no self-protective powers; but the hiss, so closely resembling that of a snake, must cause many an egg-snatcher to consider twice before venturing into the hole. Both wild geese and ducks hiss when on the nest, stretching out their necks and ruffling their feathers, visibly trying to look snake-like and dangerous. Bird language can, I think, be divided into two classes, songs and calls. Every individual call or note has a meaning, whereas song is simply a song, a collection of pleasing notes, a psalm of joy or love.

C. LAIDLAY.

LITERATURE.

A BOOK OF THE WEEK.

AMONG the "dear dead women" whose names are remembered because mankind is never forgetful of a great passion, Louise de La Vallière takes a place beside Iseult and Guinevere, Dido and Cleopatra. Unlike some of them, to love she joined constancy. Her tale is pitiful because the object of her passion, Louis the Magnificent, was fickle and unworthy. Yet there was a nobility in her faithfulness that wins undying respect. A study of her life, done with rare genius and sympathy, was made by Mme. Claude Ferval, under the title of *Un Double Amour*, and this has been translated for the British public by Mr. Sidney Dark, who has rechristened it *The Martyr of Love* (Stanley Paul). To it Jean Richepin contributes a short prefatory note that vibrates with sympathy and understanding, and in a couple of paragraphs shows the attitude of mind with which such a book ought to be read. He says:

Success has not been achieved without labour. Documents, papers, authorities, arguments, commentaries, and the rest, rustle between the lines of the book. Nothing is invented. This is no mere fiction. The pages bristle with notes and references.

But ardent as has been the labour for historical accuracy, it is not an historical effect for which the author went out to seek. It was rather to reproduce and set alive again two contrasted characters that are preserved in ordinary books as portraits of forgotten ancestors hang in an old-fashioned dining-room. They are figures wearing clothes, and that is all. As their bodies have mouldered into dust, so into oblivion have passed all that made them individuals. M. Richepin takes two characteristic phrases to show what were the dry bones that had to be endowed with life. First, there was the woman, the great, simple, disinterested, single-minded lover.

We must remember that Louise de La Vallière is the woman of whom even the terrible Bussy-Rabutin, for once discarding bitterness and slander, wrote: "She loved the King so well, that it was obvious she would have loved him as much had he been a simple nobleman and she a great queen."

If it is difficult to recreate this true and tender queen of love, it is even more so to get the psychology of Louis XIV.

If we would actually understand Louise de La Vallière, we must understand the essentials of the man whom she loved with fervour and idolatry, and who demanded such love as a right. He was no poseur. He believed that he was placed high above common humanity, and this sincere belief was fatal to his chance of common human happiness. It was Louis XIV., the representative of God on earth, who after the defeat of Malplaquet ingenuously remarked: "Has God then forgotten all that I have done for Him?"

The two are placed before us living and breathing, human to the last degree, but we must not take out scale and compasses to measure the result triumphantly and probably unconsciously achieved:

But who would weigh the text of such a book? It is sufficient that it is alert, animated, fed on facts, quivering with feeling, with understanding, with suffering, wet with tears, shaken with sobs which grip the heart of the reader.

Not very often do we pay attention to an appreciation placed in front of a masterpiece, and indeed in this case the usual thing happened. After reading the book with zest, we turned last to what is placed first, viz., the prefatory note, and at once recognised the writer's insight. He is a poet telling us how to appreciate a book made of the stuff whence poetry is drawn.

A very bare recapitulation of the landmarks in the career of Louise will justify what has been said. She met King Louis when she was a beautiful, ingenuous and modest maiden, and he a young hero king whose reign was opening under the most splendid auspices, Alsace given to France after the Thirty Years' War and Spain ready to sign a treaty

of peace. The King himself looked every inch a hero, superb, proud, handsome, manly. It was no wonder that the little provincial girl fresh from her country home and its quiet, rustic interests, to which, nevertheless, had penetrated the enthusiasm with which the coming of Louis was hailed, was ready at once to fall down and worship him. There is no need to dwell on the royal love-making and a consent that was urged by her new-born passion and condemned by her judgment.

Far from being elated by her conquest, and far from flaunting it in the face of the Court, in the manner of her many successors, she was covered with the confusion of a newly married bride. She remained the same diffident girl, conscious of having done wrong, remorseful, and often yearning to return to the paths of virtue. It is true that her love was stronger than her will, but in abandoning herself to Louis she shrank from blatant publicity. When she left the room that the Comte de Saint-Aignan put at her disposal for her meetings with the King, she became again the simple lady-in-waiting in the service of Madame, without position or fortune. "Ni bénéfices ni faveurs" might have been her motto. As she loved the monarch and not the monarchy, all she asked of him was himself. She resolutely refused all benefits or honours.

Events were to prove that at bottom she was, above all, a religious mystic. Repentance is her continual note. Yet the human passion was overpowering. A time arrived when the roving fancy of Louis alighted on other favourites, and he became bored with his beautiful mistress just as he had been bored by the love of his Queen, Maria Teresa, "a chubby, fat little person without grace or wit." Louise, of the sweetest and most trustful disposition, was very slow to realise that her reign was passing away; that in Athenais, Marquise de Montespan, she had an artful and successful rival. Hope is a quality of true love, and she did not give up till she was forced to do so. But the story of those years, when no longer loved by the King she was retained at Court to mask his intrigue with Athenais, is like the story of a tortured soul from Dante's "Inferno." Yet she was so gentle that Louis never got to feel any active dislike of her—he was surprised she did not jump at one of his plans for marrying her to one of his most illustrious subjects. He could not understand her virtue. Only towards the last, when she had subdued her earthly passion by cultivating the spiritual love of God and expiating her sins by the harsh penances and asceticism of a convent, does he seem to have realised the greatness and purity of her love. Others, including her great rival, came to her in time of trouble for solace and advice—they recognised that out of her experience and her passion had been born a new wisdom. Upon her, history must pronounce the verdict that she was the most womanly of women, a Saint Teresa as well as a Juliet, a mystic and a lover.

GERMAN SOCIETY OF TO-DAY.

Lovers in Exile, by Baroness von Heyking. (Eveleigh Nash.)

WE have no hesitation in saying that *Lovers in Exile*, adapted from the author's original German novel "Ille Mihi," is a book of absorbing interest at the present moment. Its unattractively sentimental title covers an indictment of German military and diplomatic society, all the more effective because of the reasonable manner in which it is presented. The writer depicts in no uncertain manner the Germany with which we now have to reckon: a virile, energetic nation in which the commercial greed of the newer Semitic society stimulates and supports the inbred militarism of the old nobility; a nation of great, unsatisfied demands and unbounded ambitions, jealous of its dignity, ruthless and arrogant. It is just these qualities, Baroness von Heyking seems to suggest, which will prove Germany's stumbling-block. In her impatience to show herself foremost among the nations she is intolerant of error. Be a man never so loyal, so enthusiastic, the least slip is the signal for his downfall. She breaks and tosses aside her most devoted sons, as a workman would discard a useless tool, often because they cannot achieve the impossible. The history of such a one and the woman who loved him forms the motive of the story, which, in spite of dealing in the opening chapters with a very sordid marriage, is told with a delicacy and tenderness which is as refreshing as it is rare in German fiction.

GOLFER SOLDIERS.



LIEUTENANT C. O. HEZLET.



LIEUT. E. W. SCRATTON.



CAPTAIN C. K. HUTCHISON.



LIEUT. LORD CASTLEROSSE.



CAPTAIN H. L. NICHOLLS.



CAPTAIN H. A. BOYD.



LIEUT. LORD LINLITHGOW.



CAPTAIN W. A. HENDERSON.



CAPTAIN J. S. ARMSTRONG.



CAPTAIN P. G. M. SKENE.



LIEUT. R. G. C. YERBURGH.



LIEUTENANT J. C. CRAIGIE.



LIEUT. G. C. CAMPBELL.



LIEUT. THE HON. C. T. MILLS.



"PRIVATE" R. MAXWELL.



LIEUTENANT R. B. VINCENT.



COL. THE RT. HON. J. E. B. SEELY.



LIEUTENANT J. GRAHAM, JUN.

HELP FOR THE FARMERS.



HE HANDS OUT THE BEER.

IT must be good news to the Northern farmer that several urban troops of Boy Scouts who, owing to circumstances that need scarcely be alluded to, have been unable to get their usual summer holiday this year have offered their services for getting in the harvest. Intelligent and useful lads, they are just what the farmer wants. Many of them have some knowledge of harvesting, and if one in several can load a waggon with sheaves, and if the farmer retains the services of an old, experienced man

or two to do the stacking, the rest of the work could be performed splendidly by the Boy Scouts. The strongest of them would be quite fit to fork the sheaves into the cart. It is hard work, no doubt, but that difficulty could be got over in the same way that women get over it in the North of England. Where one man is enough to fork for one cart, two women are told off to perform a similar task, and if they get tired, the work could be changed every two hours or so. We may suppose that nearly every lad who is a Boy Scout



HE LEADS THE HORSES IN THE FIELD.

could drive a farm-cart horse, and, therefore, consequently he could lead the crop to the stackyard, or wherever the farmer finds it convenient to raise the rick. Boy Scouts could also do the raking which takes place after the corn is carted. Even if he never saw an iron rake before, or the old horse that usually pulls it, a Boy Scout has intelligence enough to learn a simple task like this in a very few minutes. Where farmers are able to secure adequate labour at the current rate of wages they are not asked to employ Scouts, as that would be to rob the worker of his job and possibly cause a certain amount of privation in his home; but it will be very advantageous to have these lads where no other labour is obtainable. They are not out

in search of wages, but are content to do the harvest for their food and lodging, both of these being of the simplest kind. In most cases they are also ready to cycle down to the scene of operations and so save the expense of a railway ticket. Farmers in the South of England have by this completed their ingathering, and the sound of the steam threshing machine has succeeded those of the ingathering, but further north the work is going on apace. We hail the movement because it is another outcome of the spirit of help which we wish to see prevailing. It solves one of the difficulties which concerns the farmer, but there are others for which an equally happy answer may be found. For example, some cultivators are almost in a state of despair just now because the supply of horses has been greatly diminished. They think they will not be able to do their autumn ploughing in time to have a good sowing of wheat made before the winter sets in. But, as a correspondent suggests, why should they not revert for the time being to a practice which was at one time common over the British Islands and yoke oxen to their ploughshares? The suggestion is an absolutely practical one, and the stock-

owner need not be at all afraid that his beef will eventually be injured. The experience of all farmers was that an ox set to work at the plough, if he was not kept too long at it, was extremely easy to fat afterwards, and those who tasted the beef say it was better flavoured than any other in the market. There is very little danger of the value of the meat being depreciated through the animals having done a certain amount of ploughing.

The Board of Agriculture and Fisheries during the crisis has given a great deal of valuable advice to farmers, and the latest papers issued give some practical hints as to what should be done. One of them deals with the present and prospective supplies of feeding stuffs for livestock. The

present number of cattle in the country is very large, and farmers should take the greatest care to conserve their tail corn and other feeding materials for their maintenance during the winter. The Board has power under the Slaughter of Animals Act, 1914, to prevent the wasteful depletion of the home meat supply, but the Board points out that it is important to ensure as far as possible that the cost of feeding stuffs shall be kept at a reasonable level. In order to attain this object, the export of feeding stuffs is for the time being prohibited, although the Board is prepared to consider applications for the export of small quantities of certain feeding stuffs so long as prices remain at a moderate level. Then, again, to turn to a co-ordinate subject, the Board has



HE GATHERS APPLES.

produced some sensible advice to milksellers or others who have a surplus to dispose of. The most economical and profitable method of storing milk is to turn it into cheese. This is more remunerative than separating the milk and making butter, and it will also be a useful means of contribution to the conservation of the food supply. The types of cheese recommended as most suitable for manufacture under the circumstances are Cneddar, Cheshire, Derby, Leicester and Gloucester. These do not deteriorate under storage prolonged to a reasonable extent, and, therefore, it is better to make them than others for which an immediate sale is necessary. But the farmer should attend to the general principle laid down more than to the mere detail.

Everything that comes from the earth can, to some extent, be preserved for future consumption. The produce of the orchard and the garden, as well as that of the field and the cowshed, demands close and economical

care. We do not know what may happen in the future, and although we have every reason to look forward hopefully, it is much better and safer to be prepared for any eventuality.

ON THE GREEN.

BY HORACE HUTCHINSON AND BERNARD DARWIN.

ON THE MAKING OF SHORT HOLES.

"**D**'YOU mean to say there's all that trouble about laying out a golf hole?" That was the comment of one (and a golfer) looking at the illustrations of the prize two-shot hole published lately in COUNTRY LIFE. And it is wonderful what a large number of people seem to be impressed in that way on sight of these plans. Of course, they are people who have not studied golf with that attention which so noble a science demands; they have not really applied their minds, though they have applied their muscles, to it; but it is surprising how many of these careless ones there seem to be. Their idea is that the making of golf courses is a very casual business—a hole has to be cut and some whins demolished and the thing is done. That appears to be their notion of the process—a mere nod of the creator, all that is required—rather as that admirable keeper of a green, Peter Lees, wrote once, "When I find the worms too many, I reduce them."

Those of us who have given a little more close attention to this business of course construction are very fully aware that it presents problems for serious consideration. The following observations are not intended in any way as counsels for our masters in the art of course construction—far be it from me so to presume—they are merely thrown out as guides which conceivably may be of use to those who are doing some amateur course construction and have not made a severe study of it. There are certain postulates, as it seems to me, which we ought to work on. Perhaps the most obvious is that the approaches to a two-shot hole should not be as narrow and difficult as to a one-shot hole, just because demand is made on the player in a two-shot hole for exactness and length in the first shot in order to be in the ideal position for the second shot. That ideal is realised for him in the one-shot hole, by the teeing ground provided. And I would lay down as a second postulate that, wherever possible, the approach (and by the approach I mean now any shot that can reach the green) should be up-hill. Where this is the case you see the hole and the green sitting up and facing you, as in the illustrious instance of the Short-Hole-Coming-In at St. Andrews. Where you have a green thus on a gradient towards you, you may have your bunkers close behind the hole, and you may have a cross bunker before it. In my humble opinion the modern fashion of having all the approaches open, so that a man may run the ball up if it so please him, has been carried to an extreme. It is especially to be desired that the one-shot hole should be on an up gradient from the tee; now and again, however, particularly on undulatory courses of the Downs character, the approaches, whether to a two-shot or to a one-shot hole, have to be down-hill—the green below the player. The formation of the ground occasionally makes this necessary. And where this occasion has arisen, there is the opportunity for the open approach. It is impossible to pitch over a guarding bunker and stop the ball at all dead if the ground that you have to pitch on is lying on the down grade away from you. The man has not yet been seen who can cut the ball severely enough for that. The case is eminently one for the open approach. Make the opening as narrow as you please, within reason, especially if it is a one-shot hole, but give the harassed player a chance of his pitch and run. Obviously, if it is a two-shot hole the avenue to the green must be more liberal, for otherwise you are demanding an accuracy which is almost superhuman in the placing of the tee shot so as to give the opening to the hole clear for the second shot. And make your bunkers which guard the green really deep and punishing; let there be no compromise about them.

In your hazards close up to the hole you want a bunker out of which the really good man is quite likely to put the ball within possible holing distance, while the player of the third class is more than likely not to get his ball out at all. That is the kind of bunker needed for guarding a green—one like the bunker guarding the first green at St. George's or the pot by

the seventeenth green at St. Andrews. It is a different type from the ideal through-the-green bunker, which should be less deep and dreadful, so as to give the skilled bunkerist a chance of getting his ball a good long way out of it.

Another point to which the constructors of courses should pay careful heed is the prevalent direction of the wind. Generally speaking, for our islands this is south-west. It makes a short hole, and to some extent every approach, the more interesting if it has to be played in the teeth of the breeze. Whether easier or more difficult is perhaps a question of taste. Manifestly you can pitch the ball more dead in the wind's teeth, but the precise direction is more difficult to keep than with the wind astern. And as to the greens themselves—those much admired yet occasionally sadly over-done undulations to which our artificers strive, with moderate success, to give a natural aspect—how is that aspect best imparted? Unquestionably, as I think, by the use of explosives, by putting cartridges into the ground and blowing up waves of earth. Thus you get a natural result: you get nice ragged edges. It needs not to say that you will use a little discrimination in the placing of the explosives; but perhaps it is better to exercise too little rather than too much intelligence, even in this. Leave the issue largely to chance and dynamite—or whatever stuff of the kind you choose to use. After all, is it not somewhat thus that Nature herself has formed her banks and braes?

COMPETITIONS ABANDONED AT ST. ANDREWS.

WE do not think that any golfer will doubt that the Royal and Ancient Golf Club has done the right thing in abandoning, for this year, the competitions for the Calcutta Cup and the Jubilee Vase. No man, unless he be very devoid of feeling and imagination, can take a very keen zest in sports and pastimes at such moments as these, and the example of the Rugby Football Union is a good one, in advising that fixtures be postponed until the clouds of war are less lowering. That golf and other pursuits, whether of pleasure or of business, should be followed in the normal way by those whose responsibilities or other circumstances debar them from an active part in national defence is obviously right; but this is no time for the taking of pleasures seriously by the amateurs of any game. For those whose business and means of livelihood are in golf the case is different.

THE LAST FOUR IN THE AMERICAN CHAMPIONSHIP.

In any happier circumstances than the present we should have been thrilled with interest over the fighting for the Amateur Championship of the United States. As they would say in that country, it was great. Just look at the names of the last four left in. There was Mr. Ouimet, the historical victor of Vardon and Ray; Mr. Jerome Travers, reputed by far the greatest match player in the States; Mr. Walter Travis, the gallant veteran in whose career I have always taken a keen personal interest ever since he beat me in the semi-final round of our championship in the year that he won it; and a fourth, Mr. Fownes, rather less well known to fame than the others, but nevertheless an ex-champion. It wanted but Mr. "Chick" Evans (of whom a correspondent tells me that, but for weak putting, he must infallibly have won the open championship of the States for which Hagin beat him by a stroke) to make as representative a lot of American amateur golfers as could be collected.

MR. OUIMET WINS.

Three years ago, when I was in America, they told me that Mr. Travis was not the player he had been; that he was good for a round or two, but that he could not last, so as to win a long tournament. I always had my doubts about that. It seemed to me that he was playing very much the game that had defeated all of us here. However, Mr. Travers, who beat him in the semi-final, most likely carried too many guns for him, in spite of the black cigar, the imperturbable temperament and all the rest of Mr. Travis' great golfing gifts. Mr. Ouimet beat Mr. Fownes, who is a most steady and pertinacious player, by a single hole; and then in the final he gained a brilliant and decisive victory over Mr. Travers by 6 and 5. Last year these two met at Garden City, and Mr. Travers won a hard match; but it was the general opinion that the time would soon come when the result would be reversed. Mr. Ouimet's American friends are of opinion that his play has benefited by his visit here, and they have not had to wait long for confirmation.

H. G. H.

DRILLING ON THE WOKING COURSE.

This week sees the conversion of one well-known course near London into a drilling ground. The first London Division of the Territorial Force will drill daily at Woking between the hours of ten and three, and they have

kindly undertaken to deal in a gentle spirit with the putting greens. At Hoylake the putting greens are, by a beneficent fiction, regarded by the military as constituting ponds. Those who know the Woking course will probably imagine that the fifteenth hole, better known as Harley Street, is the best adapted for the purpose. It is not quite so ideal as it was when it first earned its name. Then there was a straight, wide, flat avenue of turf,

unbroken by a single bunker, stretching nearly all the way from tee to hole, and the hole is some 500yds. long. To-day there is an entanglement of grassy humps and hollows that partly breaks the symmetry, but still there is ample scope for the tramping of legions. Some other parts of the course seem, to the civilian eye, rather too undulating, and the hill up to the tenth green would take some storming.

B. D.

CORRESPONDENCE.

HORSES FOR THE ARMY.

[TO THE EDITOR OF "COUNTRY LIFE."]

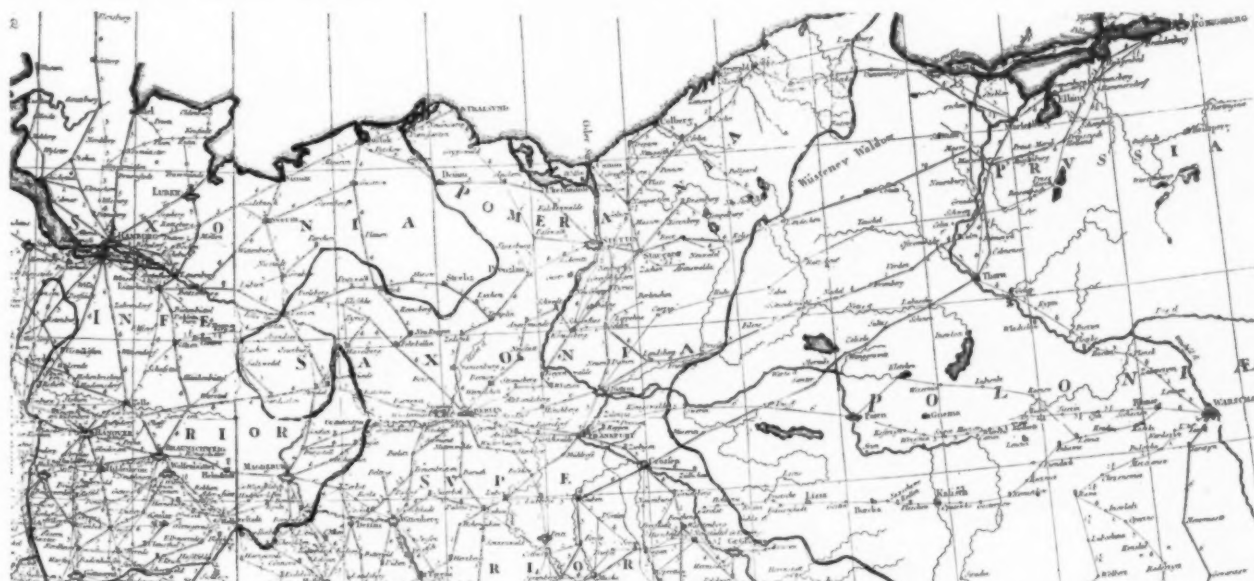
SIR,—You very rightly say that an acceptance of the invitation of the War Office to take up all horses out at grass constitutes the horseowner's duty to his country. Do you not think the authorities would be well advised to go one step farther? It seems to me they should instruct their remount purchasers and veterinary surgeons to examine all horses out at grass and indicate those they think suitable for military purposes. None of us wishes to waste either time or money in conditioning horses that the Government does not want. There are necessary differences of opinion as to suitability between the owner and the military purchaser. It would be a thousand pities, therefore, that the former should needlessly waste labour in preparing horses that will not be wanted. Let me illustrate my point by the experience of a friend who had a stable of hunters. His stable was visited by a remount purchaser who was unknown to him. The best horse he owned, a fine performer in the height of his powers, was refused because of very coarse hocks, but another which constantly breaks down was taken, notwithstanding the full information that was given about him. A day or two later my friend met the local Master of Hounds, who was well acquainted with the powers of the rejected horse, and was informed of what had transpired. He promptly asked my friend to let him have the mare, telling him at the same time, what was unknown before, that he was acting as a remount purchaser. Experiences like these show the difference of opinion that may exist between horseowner and War Office purchaser, and strengthen my contention that it would be very helpful if horses at grass were first examined for suitability. If the Government could not definitely pledge itself straight away to purchase particular horses out at grass, it could, by payment of an ear-marking fee, at least provide the cost of conditioning.—A. J.

of between 14h. and 14h. 2in., which have carried a kit as well as a rider of average weight. We have done between thirty and forty miles a day two and three weeks on end, resting on Sundays only. They have never gone wrong, and have always been as fit as the proverbial fiddle at the end of the holiday. Not many big horses would stand this amount of work or would look as well at the end of it, for there never has been loss of flesh. Such experience convinces me that the War Office would be very well advised to mount all the Yeomen at home on ponies and release their bigger horses for use at the front. In an actual charge the mere weight of the big horse would no doubt handicap the pony, but I am not altogether certain that his very nimbleness would not in some measure compensate for this disability. On this point I cannot speak with any knowledge, and am unable to consult my soldier friends, who are away. But as our Indian Cavalry use 14h. tin. ponies as chargers and these native cavalry make ours seem slow, as Mr. Dale says, I fail to see any vital reason why either our own troopers or mounted infantry could not use small horses for some of the work at the front. We possess an abundance of big ponies and small horses with pony blood in them. Surely some trial of them might be made, first at home and then on the Continent. Pony lovers are certainly not misled by enthusiasm when out of their own experience they advocate the great merit of the pony. To summarise: He will live when the horse will starve, has far greater powers of endurance, and will keep sound when the horse will break down. If in frame a dwarf, in heart and power the riding pony is a giant.—H. P.

PUZZLE: FIND PRUSSIA.

[TO THE EDITOR OF "COUNTRY LIFE."]

SIR,—The question, Where is Prussia? will naturally suggest itself to anyone who looks at this map (an old posting map dated 1786)



SHOWING THE SIZE OF PRUSSIA 130 YEARS AGO.

THE USE OF PONIES AS REMOUNTS.

[TO THE EDITOR OF "COUNTRY LIFE."]

SIR,—I have read Mr. Dale's valuable letter in last week's COUNTRY LIFE with considerable interest, and am in complete agreement with every word he has written. It seems to me that mere fashion for big horses, and perhaps a certain amount of ignorance of the merit of the pony, have controlled the actions of the purchasers of remounts. But they may have been acting under direct instructions from the War Office in not purchasing horses below a certain size. In my own district they have constantly preferred the very big animal. If they have been carrying out orders it is to be hoped the military authorities will reconsider their instructions and will give pony owners some preliminary notice of their desire to acquire smaller mounts. The War Office has acted very wisely in requesting owners of horses out at grass to get them up and condition them. A similar invitation to pony owners would indicate to those of us who own ponies that it would be our contribution towards the national welfare if we were to spend trouble and money in conditioning them. Out of my own experience of the merit of the pony as compared with the horse, a great deal could be said in favour of the former. I ride ponies constantly, do more work with them and far longer journeys than any of my friends with their bigger horses. Indeed, there is no comparison between the powers and endurance of my ponies and the horses of my friends, for on all grounds, even generally in speed, my ponies admittedly score. The only argument used by my acquaintances against them is that I look out of place on a fourteen-hand pony! For some years I have spent part of my holidays in riding tours, using ponies

and who thinks of the modern State of that name. Prussia, or Preussen, was the most easterly part of the widely scattered dominions of the House of Hohenzollern, when its chief, Frederick, the twelfth Elector of Brandenburg, was made a King on November 16th, 1700. He took his title from Prussia, and the whole body of his dominions came to be known as the Kingdom of Prussia. The Hohenzollerns began with a "Jock the Laird's brother," a younger son of a family of Suabian gentry who served the Emperor Frederick Barbarossa in the twelfth century. By the favour of Emperor "Redbeard" he made a rich marriage with the heiress of the Vohburg family and was named Burggraf of Nurnberg. He and his descendants had a wondrous faculty for getting up early, starting betimes, sitting in the best place and sticking to it. In the early fifteenth century (1412) they became Electors of Brandenburg, of which Berlin is the capital. Prussia was a Slavonic country conquered from heathens by the Teutonic Knights. At the time of the Reformation the head of the Order in Prussia was a Hohenzollern. He and his Knights became Lutherans and turned Prussia into a Duchy. A family arrangement was made between the Brandenburg and the Prussian branches by which it was decided that the one was to inherit from the other in case of a failure of heirs male. The Prussian branch "fell to the distaff," and the Duchy was joined to Brandenburg in the seventeenth century. Frederick the Elector of Brandenburg, who secured the title of King, took Prussia for the name of his kingdom. He was the grandfather of Frederick II. the Great. Until the first partition of Poland, 1772, Prussia was an outlying territory separated from Brandenburg by Polish land.—DAVID HANNAY.

RUSTIC SUPERSTITION.

[TO THE EDITOR OF "COUNTRY LIFE."]

SIR,—I have come across a curious belief among our villagers, and I should like to know if it is prevalent elsewhere. I was urging the release of several captive linnets, but the old woman they belonged to asserted that they would be killed by other birds, which is, I believe, probable. She then went on to assure me that if wild nestlings were put out in their cage for the old birds to rear, the latter would feed them for about two or three weeks and then deliberately poison them. She said she knew of several cases, and was evidently supported by some of her acquaintance. It did not seem to

have occurred to her that the old birds must poison themselves in the process. The belief doubtless arises from the frequent death of young birds in captivity from other causes. — M. S. S., Hedgerley.



A MONTH-OLD LION CUB.

REARED IN CAPTIVITY.

[TO THE EDITOR.]

SIR,—I enclose some photographs of young lions reared in the Dublin Zoo. As your readers are probably aware, Dublin has always been famous for its success as a lion nursery; and

fledged, and had to be fed by hand for eight or ten days. Only the first night it showed fear. After a couple of feeds next morning it became quite affectionate, and, though happy in a cage (or under a meat cover, where I first kept it!), it was more pleased to be in my hand or on my shoulder. Lately the bird has grown new plumage, nearly all white. From the bill the breast tones from fawn to white; head, light brown with white top; neck, brown and white; between shoulders, white bordered with brown; back, white; wings, white, save for two brown feathers; tail, white with brown tip. Unfortunately, the bird has asthma or bronchitis; otherwise, besides the usual sparrow chirps and "jabber," it seems to have one or two clear notes when able to use the voice. I noticed the asthma the first morning, and have tried in vain to cure it. It is a fine plump bird now, living on ordinary bird seed (as does a little sparrow I also have!), with bits of other food—potato, bread, etc.—as tastes from time to time. Evidently it had fallen from a nest on the high buildings where I found it, so it is a real London bird. I passed it by at first, being in a hurry, but on returning half an hour later the wee thing was still in the same spot, so I gathered it up, got a bag from a shop and brought it home thus!—HELEN LUCY.

[The bird is probably a sparrow, and an interesting example of partial albinism.—Ed.]

FOX HUNTING AND POULTRY FARMING.

[TO THE EDITOR OF "COUNTRY LIFE."]

SIR,—It is unfortunate that when so many of the supporters of hunting are at the front or engaged in the service of their country, certain people should have raised the question of foxes and fowls. There is nothing more likely to create dissension in country districts. This seems to be the time to state the plain truth that the fox is worth more to the country than the hen. It is nonsense to write of the food supply; poultry are and always must be luxuries. They are comparatively cheap now because many poultry-breeders are reducing their stocks owing to the cost of feeding them. But even at present prices fowls are neither cheap nor economical. A fowl will cost from 2s. to 3s., and will barely feed three people for a single meal. There is scarcely any food that would not be cheaper at the price. Besides this, fowls eat a great deal of grain in one form or another that would be more economically used in other ways. Corn is the food of the people; fowls are not and never can be in England. Poultry farming can never be a successful industry in



REARED IN THE DUBLIN ZOO.

these youngsters certainly do credit to their birthplace. The tiny cub was a month old when the picture was taken, while those in the group were born on Christmas Day, 1913. I also send a photograph of an exceptionally fine cheetah, showing his graceful lines to the best advantage, though not, unfortunately, wearing his most genial expression. —A. McC.

A CASE OF PARTIAL ALBINISM.

[TO THE EDITOR.]

SIR,—Can you or any reader kindly tell me what the bird here described is likely to be? About three months ago I picked it up in a road near Victoria Station, thinking it to be an ordinary sparrow. It was barely

this country. As a by-product of the farm poultry are useful, but these fowls are those of the less expensive kind. Land and labour are too dear in England ever to make poultry farming a profitable pursuit by itself. As for fancy poultry, they are useless and wasteful, and stand on a level with other pets and fancies quite harmless, but not of the smallest national value. Those of us who know what is annually spent by poultry funds have no doubt that hunting is no bad customer to the poor man's fowl. Foxes do not take many fowls; when they do they bite off their heads. Fowls killed in any other way are, as a rule, not killed by foxes. On the other hand, hunting is the backbone of horse-breeding for military purposes. It is worth something to preserve it even in these times. If we are going to win, we shall want all the encouragement to horse breeding we can. There will be an enormous Continental demand for horses as well as for home use when the war is over. The really patriotic and far-sighted course is to encourage hunting on the moderate and unselfish lines sketched for us by the Association of Masters of Fox hounds.—X.

GARDEN PESTS: A MIXED BAG!

[TO THE EDITOR OF "COUNTRY LIFE."]

SIR,—Finding that the peaches and pears on the wall trees were being badly nibbled before they were ripe, I set three penny mousetraps of the "Break-back" kind and in a few days have had the following "bag": Thirteen field voles, three long-tailed field mice, one house mouse, one sparrow, three large slugs, one snail, one toad, four robins, one frog and one newt. The bait was half an almond glued on to the trap. The four last items are to be regretted, but robins have a habit of poking their inquisitive beaks into everything and their young are very destructive to small fruit. The voles were probably the chief offenders, and after this clearance the fruit is untouched.—M. ROBINSON.

DADDY-LONGLEGS.

[TO THE EDITOR OF "COUNTRY LIFE."]

SIR,—We are having here just now an extraordinary plague of daddy-longlegs. I have never before seen so many anywhere, except in September, 1907, at Felixstowe. It would be interesting to know what is the cause of this and if any of your correspondents have noticed an unusual number in other places.—M. T. BOORE.



THE CHEETAH DISTURBED.